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BY DOROTHY LYMAN LEETCH

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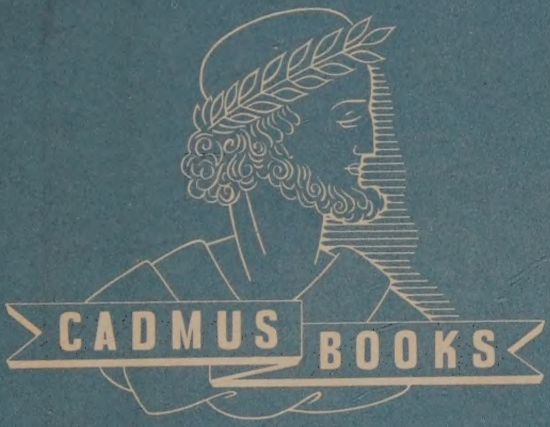
How would you like to go to a school that opened at seven in the morning and didn't close until seven at night? Of course the children were given some time for play: two hours at noon and three hours in the evening. But you can see that there wasn't very much time for anything but school. Strangest of all, the boys kept their caps on during school, and only took them off for the hymn and prayer.

What the boys and girls of New Amsterdam liked best of all, however, were the holidays and the feasting. In September the Kermis festival began, and if the weather permitted, it lasted for six weeks. There were jugglers and magicians and, best of all, a dancing bear to entertain the gay crowds of people who came from miles around. On the opening day of the festival, Annetje was there to buy presents for her little sister and to see the dancing bear. Nearly everyone as small as Annetje would have done just as she did when the big brown bear came to her asking for pennies. Can you guess what it was?

* * *

To Margaret
from Grandma Kohn
Christmas 1940



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* * *

ANNETJE AND HER FAMILY

The Story of a Little Girl of New Amsterdam

THEY DANCED AROUND THEIR MOTHER, SINGING A BIRTHDAY SONG. *Page 60*

ANNETJE AND HER FAMILY

THE STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL OF NEW AMSTERDAM

BY

DOROTHY LYMAN LEETCH
(MRS LANGFORD WHEATON SMITH)

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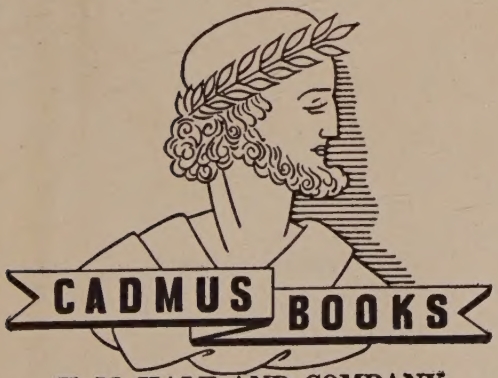

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Annetje and Her Family

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FOR

ANNE OGLE

INTRODUCTION

The long, busy days were never dull for Annetje, who shared with her five brothers and sisters the work and play of their Dutch home. The Van Kassen family participated in all the festivals and holidays celebrated in New Amsterdam. Fall brought the Kermis with its jugglers and trained bear and the noisy crowd of merry-makers. In winter they enjoyed skating and sliding, and the feasts of St. Martin and St. Nicholas. With the summer came picnics and excursions to the shore and woods. There was a wedding, too, and a christening party and the fun of planning surprises for Mother's birthday. The book tells

fully the habits and customs of the Dutch in the homes they made for themselves in the New World. The information, given simply, is lightened by the every-day incidents of happy family life. It is intended to be helpful to teachers and librarians looking for simple material on the manners and customs of the Dutch in New Amsterdam, and interesting for children from eight to ten to read for themselves.

DOROTHY LYMAN LEETCH,
(Mrs. Langford Wheaton Smith)
Westwood, California.
June, 1926.

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ANNETJE AND HER FAMILY

CHAPTER I

THE VAN KASSENS

THERE were eight of the Van Kassens; Mynheer, his *goede vrouw* and their six children. When the family stood in a row, they made almost perfect steps. Mynheer Van Kassen, the tallest though not the fattest, was at the top; chubby little Tytje in her full skirts and jacket, looking like a small round stool, was at the bottom.

Vrouw Van Kassen, smiling and very plump in her many quilted petticoats,

looked but little older than Maria, the oldest girl who stood beside her. Kryn came next and was a slim youth of eighteen years. Maas and Dirck were twins and twelve years old. Maas was taller and bigger than Dirck. This hurt Dirck's feelings, for he thought twins should be exactly the same size, look exactly alike, and share all things equally. But no one ever mixed up these twins, and Maas sometimes took advantage of being bigger and stronger. Many people thought that Maas was older, too, and this hurt Dirck's feelings most of all. These brothers, however, were really the best of friends. They played with the same boys, and where one was seen the other was almost sure to be found. Then came Annetje, who was eight years old, and nearly as tall as Dirck.

She had golden hair, dancing blue eyes, and very rosy cheeks. Her plump little hands were always busy, and her quick feet kept up with her brothers in their play. Tytje, the baby, was going on four, and as yet not much good as a playmate, but she was adored by all the family from Mynheer Van Kassen to Annetje.

With the family lived Minna, a little servant-girl. She helped Vrouw Van Kassen with the cooking and cleaning and took care of Tytje when the work was done. Minna came from an Orphans' Home in Amsterdam. She was to work for the Van Kassens until she paid for her trip across the ocean, or married and her husband paid for her. This often happened to girls brought to the colony to work. Good

housewives were in great demand in New Amsterdam, for Dutchmen loved the comforts of a well-kept home more than anything else.

Then there was How, the Indian. He had been a warrior in a hostile tribe, which raided New Amsterdam when Annetje was a tiny baby. When Mynheer Van Kassen and his family returned to their home, after seeking refuge in the fort, they found the Indian. He had crawled under the back *stoep,* half dead from wounds. The goede vrouw could not leave him there to die, so she had him carried up to her loft. There she nursed him through a long illness. When he was well she thought he would go back to his own people. Instead, he showed in his silent way that he wished to stay. After talking it over in the

THERE WAS HOW, THE INDIAN

family, Mynheer asked the Governor what he should do. It was decided to let the Indian stay and do the heavy work about the house and garden. Usually a negro slave was bought to do just such work. So How stayed on, year after year, faithfully doing all manner of work for the goede vrouw.

The children taught him to speak a little Dutch and English, and from him they learned many Indian words. He made small bows and arrows for the boys and tiny birch-bark canoes. He hunted and fished, keeping the table supplied with venison, wild turkey, pigeons, and partridges in season. How more than earned his bed in the woodshed and his meals by the kitchen fire.

Often Maas and Dirck and sometimes

Annetje went with How to the shore to dig clams or to the woods to gather nuts. What fun they had on these trips! The boys liked the woods but Annetje liked clam-digging best. At the edge of the wet sand she took off her shoes and stockings and turned up her petticoats. With her little basket and shovel in her hand, she walked along the beach hunting for the water bubbles which showed where the clams were buried. She used to call Maas or Dirck to dig the clams for her, but they wanted to put them in their own basket. So very soon she learned to fill her basket alone.

One fair morning of early summer Mynheer Van Kassen looked out of the top of his divided front door with more than usual interest in the weather. The sun was just beginning to shine over the

crow-stepped gables into that New Amsterdam street. The glazed brick of the houses, which stood with gable ends to the street, twinkled and shone in the early light. Their roofs were laid in checked squares of yellow and black, or blue and red, while others were brown and buff. All looked as bright and clean as scrubbed tiles. There was no one to be seen in the street or on the high front stoeps of the gay little houses, but that did not mean the Dutch folks were still abed. At daybreak all good Dutch fathers were up. Before the city bell rang they had shuffled downstairs in slippers, dressing-gown and nightcap, to open the doors and take down the shutters.

As it promised to be fine weather, Mynheer Van Kassen hastened to call

the servant and rouse the family. This was the day he and Kryn were to sail for Fort Orange, forty leagues up the North River.

Mynheer paid his burgher-right of fifty *guilders* promptly every year. This allowed him to trade with the Indians for otter, beaver, and muskrat skins. After more than twenty-five years of hard work, he had grown rich and honored in New Amsterdam.

Only a few years after the walls of Fort Amsterdam were built, Mynheer Van Kassen had made the long trip to America with the few families the West India Company could persuade to leave their comfortable homes in beautiful Holland. He liked the wonderful new country and had seen great wealth in its forests, streams, and fertile land.

On returning to Holland, he told many of his father's merchant friends of the new world and the great future there for a New Netherland. Only a few were venturesome enough to make that long, hard voyage and live in those first crude, log houses in danger of wild animals and hostile Indians. Most were well content to carry on their business in the comfort and luxury of the old Dutch city, and leave New Amsterdam to care for itself.

Young Hendryk Van Kassen, however, was not satisfied until he made a second trip to New Netherland, and this time to stay. He brought back his young bride, who was as strong and unafraid of hardship as himself. Together they had worked and planned and seen the settlement huddled around

the walls of the little fort grow into the prosperous city of New Amsterdam, with its comfortable houses of Holland brick.

AROUND THE WALLS OF THE LITTLE FORT

Dutch flowers and Dutch vegetables now grew in the gardens, and the fruit and grain in the new world were richer and finer than in the old. All but one of the city streets were still unpaved, and stepping-stones crossed the gutters, which ran through the middle of even

the best streets. Cows were lost in the brush, dogs were savage, and wolves came down from the hills at night to destroy the small cattle. But the cheerful, busy Dutch housewives worked year after year to make their homes here as comfortable and attractive as any home in Holland could be.

CHAPTER II

A TRIP TO THE COW PASTURE

ONE morning after Mynheer Van Kassen and Kryn had gone to Fort Orange, Annetje and the boys were up very early. They had been promised a trip to the pasture with old Tobias, the cowherd, on any morning that all three were up and dressed when he passed the gate. All spring they had been trying to get ahead of the little old man who collected the cows. Twice Maas and Dirck had been ready and Annetje late. Both times Annetje made good excuses, but the boys were so cross with her that they would

not let her play with them for several days afterwards.

This morning Annetje awoke when the stars were shining faintly. She lay very still in her *treke*-bed waiting until the sky behind the little window-panes was light and the stars had gone. Tytje slept beside her, for the treke-bed was as big as the great, domed one in which Maria slept, only it was low enough to be pushed underneath the big bed in the daytime.

Soon Annetje very quietly crawled out of bed. She heard the boys scrambling out of their *sloep-bank* in the next room. One of them pushed shut the sliding door in the wall, which hid the bed in the daytime, with such a bang that Maria turned over and Tytje stirred in her sleep. It was just light enough for

Annetje to see her clothes folded neatly on the chair, where she had put them when she went to bed. Her wooden shoes and blue wool stockings were on the floor near by. She had been careful to put out her wooden shoes, for one of the times she had been late was the fault of her shoes. Her mother had seen her starting out in her brown morocco slippers with their silver buckles and called her back into the house to change them. While she was doing this, Tobias passed by. When she could run to the gate, he was sounding his horn several houses away, and only her two very cross brothers were waiting to scold her for spoiling their fun.

This morning Annetje quickly put on the three linsey-woolsey petticoats which her mother had woven, made, and

dyed red with the root of some plant that How had brought from the forest. Her jacket was blue and the sleeves were of white muslin. Maria had combed and braided her long yellow hair when she went to bed, and Annetje had put it

TOBIAS PASSED BY

carefully over the pillow, so that it would not be mussed in the morning. While she was tying a narrow red rib-

bon in a small bow on the end of her second braid, she heard the boys go out of their room. They walked so softly that she knew they carried their wooden shoes. So off hers came and out she went after them. The stairs leading to the kitchen were steep and dark. Annetje was not afraid, but when Buffy, the cat, came out of the dark and rubbed against her leg, she dropped a shoe and nearly rolled down the stairs after it.

Maas and Dirck had put their shoes on in the kitchen and had already gone to get the cow. Annetje stopped to look about at the familiar things, which seemed so different in the half-light of dawn. The great fireplace was black and cheerless, for the coals had been carefully covered the night before. The pots and kettles, usually so smiling

in their polished coats, seemed asleep without sun or firelight to shine on them. The big wooden door was closed top and bottom, but the boys had lifted down the heavy bar which fastened it at night. As she put on her shoes, the first rosy light of sunrise came through the little diamond-paned window with its gay chintz curtains and shone full on a red geranium standing on the window-sill.

Annetje heard her mother coming down the stairs and at the same time the notes of the cowherd's horn sounded faintly in the distance. She pushed open the lower half of the heavy door and ran out to the front gate.

"Well," said Maas, "you are really here!"

"Good for you, 'Netje," added Dirck,

"I told Maas you would surely be here this morning."

As they watched for the cows to come in sight, Vrouw Van Kassen called to them from the high front stoep. She was leaning over the lower part of the front door and in her hands she had an *oly-koek* for each of them.

"You will be hungry before you get home. Take these. I will save your *suppawn* and sausage for you, so come back as soon as you can," she said.

Up the street they saw the first of the cows come lumbering along. Tobias blew his horn at every gate, and at most houses the cow was waiting to be let out. By the time the herd had reached the Van Kassen home, it was quite large. Old Tobias was jogging along beside

the cows. His twisted cow's horn was in his hand. It was fitted with a mouthpiece and tied with a green cord and strung over his shoulder. He wore a battered steeple-crowned hat of green felt. On his feet were low-heeled shoes with brass buckles, and he wore gray wool stockings. His jacket and baggy trousers were of coarse homespun.

The *vlacke,* where the cows were driven, lay beyond the city wall. It was ground belonging to the West India Company. Here the cows fed all day and were returned to their owners in time for the evening milking.

The three children and their own white-faced cow joined the others and were soon well on their way towards the Water-gate at the east end of the stockade, which ran across the island from

the North River to the East River, to protect the city on the north.

Tobias was busy with his horn and the cows. The children trudged along in their wooden shoes, amusing themselves as they wished. Dirck was counting the beams that projected from under the gables over the high front stoeps. These were used to hoist extra goods for the shop into storerooms under the roof, as many a New Amsterdam merchant kept shop on the ground floor of his house. Maas was watching the weather-cocks swinging around on the peaks of the roofs as the wind blew. He was wondering if he could make one. The next time he went down to the company's carpenter shop he would try. Hans would help him, he was sure.

Annetje was making up a song about

the animal heads on the shining brass door-knockers, and reading out the iron numbers on the fronts of the houses,

A Small Boy was Climbing up the Gables

that showed the date when the house was built.

"There is a bear
Lives on that door
One, six, five, four,
Who's afraid of a shiny bear!"

"Oh, look," Dirck said, "there is a boy climbing up the roof of that house over there."

"Which one?" Annetje asked.

"The one with the yellow-and-black tiled roof, and 1645 on the front."

"Oh, I see him. He's the chimney-sweep."

A small boy was climbing up the gables which rose like stairs to the top of the roof. When he reached the great chimney he would climb down the inside on little steps built for just that purpose.

"Dirck, do you remember the boy who fell down our chimney and got soot all over the clean kitchen?" Annetje asked.

"Yes," said Dirck, "wasn't he scared and black?"

Maas was now walking beside Tobias,

trying to blow the horn, but he could only make short squawks instead of the melodious notes the old cowherd blew. All the cows had been collected before they came to the end of Broad Street, where the sheep pasture was. To the west was the Maage Paatje, a small green valley with a stream flowing through it. Here the young girls brought linen to wash and spread on the grass to bleach.

Usually the washing was done but three or four times a year. This meant that great chests of household linen were needed in every home. As soon as a girl married, the spinning-wheel and the loom became part of her every-day life.

Not far beyond was the Water-gate. Tobias counted the cows as they passed

through the gate, and the three children watched them go out into the rich pasture where they were to feed all day.

After eating their olykoeks Maas and Dirck, with Annetje between them, started home. They stopped at Peck's Slip to watch the Dutch farm women land their flat-bottomed battoes full of vegetables. These women poled their boats across the East River once or twice a week with farm products, which they sold or exchanged in the city.

Passengers who wished to cross the river blew three blasts on the horn which the ferryman left hanging on a tree near the water. His charge was three *stivers* in wampum, for poling across to Brooklyn in his little skiff.

"Maas, do you know it is nearly Pink-

ster time?" Dirck said, as they went slowly toward home. "Whom shall we set a bough for this year?"

"Oh, I know," said Annetje, "we'll put a bough over fat Hans Kirk's door. He is always the last man on the street to go to work."

"Indeed that is just the one we will catch," said Maas, "and it will be a good wet bough, too, so that his big white collar will need changing before he can go to work."

"Mother says I may not be in the procession this year with the Whitsuntide Flower Bride," said Annetje. "She said there was talk about not having the procession any more. I'm sure I don't like to go to strangers' doors and ask for money, anyway. But I did like to wear

the white dress and carry the garlands and flowers."

"Wasn't Maria the Flower Bride once?" said Dirck.

"Yes, I think she was," said Maas. "That was when she was about our age. The feasting and merrymaking after the procession were fit for decent people then. Now, Kryn says, it is so rough and coarse that nice people can't stay. The Governor will stop it soon, I'm sure."

"But we can put up our boughs, can't we?" said Annetje, who enjoyed hiding and watching the victim get wet as much as the boys did.

"Oh, yes, we can do that," said both the boys.

By the time they had finished plan-

ning their Pinkster fun, they were home again. And how good breakfast tasted after their long walk in the morning air!

CHAPTER III

BUSY TIMES

ANNETJE was busy. Her knitting-needles clicked and the blue worsted twinkled between her fingers. She was making a pair of stockings for her mother's birthday. There were only three days in which to finish them. It was hard, too, to find time to work. Maria, Minna, and her mother were busy cleaning the whole house, and Tytje was left in Annetje's care most of the time. Tytje didn't mean to be any trouble, but she was.

"Oh, Tytje," begged Annetje, "please don't snarl up my wool."

For the third time Annetje had to put down her needles and straighten out the baby's handiwork.

"You Naughty Baby!"

"You naughty baby! Annetje will have to break her wool," and Annetje slapped the mischievous little fingers; but not very hard.

Annetje had chosen a corner of the bench on the front stoep as the best place to work. Here she was not apt to come under her mother's eyes, and out of sight, the chances of being asked to do an errand were much less. But she was not to be left alone long. The top of the big front door opened and there was hardly time to slide her knitting under her apron before she heard her mother's voice.

"Here you are. I've been looking for you, 'Netje."

Thinking that the little girl was idle, except for watching the baby, she asked her to polish the big brass hinges and

knocker which decorated the door.

"I think you can do this and watch the baby, too," her mother said. "You will need a bench to stand on, and I will give you the cloths and polish."

So Annetje followed her mother into the house to get what she needed for the work. Indoors, Minna and Maria were hard at work. The *voorhuis,* or front room, which was never open except for special company, had been airing three days. The dark-red, kilminster curtains with silk fringe had been taken down from the great bed-frame of carved walnut, shaken out and brushed off. The feather-bed had been aired and sunned and Minna was spreading it smooth with a long stick. A freshly laundered checkerwork cover was laid carefully over the handwoven linen

sheets, and a white blanket and dark rug folded at the foot of the bed.

The great *kast* of French nut-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, had been dusted and polished and its contents washed. On top of this cupboard stood a silver tankard with a lid, a vase of Chinese porcelain, a china cat, and a miniature ship of silver. Behind glass doors were shelves on which stood Delft cups and saucers, pewter plates and mugs, that shone like silver, also red, blue, and green Venetian and Bohemian glass bottles and ornaments. Below were drawers for the knives, forks, and spoons, and fine linen.

The great stone fireplace was curtained above in camlet. Below it was faced with blue and pink tiles, on which were pictures telling the story of the

Good Samaritan. The brass handles of the hearth irons had been polished till they shone like the sun.

There were high and low Russian-leather chairs and stools ornamented with brass nails. Tall, straight, three- and four-backed chairs of wood, with rush bottoms, stood about. Besides, there were tables with oval and square tops, covered with Turkey rugs, called table-carpets. One table, of which Vrouw Van Kassen was very proud, was made of Java mahogany with twisted legs and stretchers and drop leaves. Some people called this a hang-ear table.

A big carved oak chest held the petticoats that Maria was making for her marriage dowry. A smaller ebony chest, inlaid with ivory, held the family

treasures. The christening spoons of all the children; a necklace of gold beads, which had been handed down for several generations; the goede vrouw's own marriage crown and the collar and cuffs she had made for her husband's wedding gift were all safely locked in this beautiful box, which had been taken from Madagascar pirates by some hardy Dutch sailors out for adventure.

On the walls were little paintings of other Dutch rooms, crowded with furniture, and people busy at every-day tasks. A mirror with a carved crystal and ebony frame, and lustres for candles branching from either side, was highly prized. Maps and family coats-of-arms were framed and used for decoration on the walls.

After all of this furniture had been

moved and cleaned, the floor scoured, the windows washed and polished, and the gaily painted calico curtains rehung, sand was spread on the floor. The goede vrouw, herself, took the broom and made a lovely design in the fresh white sand. Then the room was ready for her birthday guests.

While Annetje was busy with the front-door brasses, Tytje wandered around into the garden where Maas and Dirck were working. They had been set the task of cutting and raking the grass-plot where the rustic summer-house stood, and of trimming the grass paths between the flower and the vegetable gardens.

When Annetje missed Tytje, she called and called and went to the front gate to look up and down the street.

But no baby was in sight, so Annetje went around to the back of the house.

"Maas and Dirck," she called, "have you seen Tytje? She's lost."

The boys had been too busy with their work to notice the baby when she passed them.

"Oh, she's not lost," said Maas, and went on with his work.

"Tytje, Tytje," called Dirck, "come here!"

But Tytje did not come. Annetje was really frightened and went to the back door to tell her mother.

"Mother," and Annetje was crying now, "Tytje is lost, she ran away while I was polishing, and no one has seen her."

Vrouw Van Kassen patted Annetje on the head and bade her stop crying.

"We will find her, little daughter," she said.

"Maria!" she called. "Minna! Come here! Tytje is lost. One of you look up the street, the other down. The children and I will search the house and garden."

Minna started out the door drying her hands on her apron as she went. Maria caught up her hat and ran after her.

Vrouw Van Kassen did not wish to frighten any one, so she kept what she feared about the canal to herself. It ran through a street not far from the house and Tytje might have wandered that way. Together Annetje and her mother went to the garden. When the boys saw them, they stopped their work and came to them.

"Go, Dirck and Maas," their mother

said, "search the orchard and garden. Annetje and I will look through the house."

Maas went to the orchard, Dirck to the end of the garden where How was chopping wood.

"How, the baby is lost," said Dirck excitedly, "go find her, How."

How put down his axe and said in his deep voice, "Me find baby," and walked away in his silent moccasins.

Dirck went on searching between the tall bean-poles and the rows of corn.

How went straight to the pigsty. There was Tytje, stooping down in the mud close to the fence. Her chubby little hands were stuck through the bars feeding little green apples to the mother pig and her six pink babies. The old mother grunted, as she took the apples

from the baby's hands and the little pigs stood on their hind legs and put their

THERE WAS TYTJE

pink, wrinkled snouts up into Tytje's face. The Indian stood and watched them for a minute and then picked the

surprised baby up in his strong arms. He took her to the house where Annetje and her mother were waiting.

"Me find baby. She feed pigs." And setting the dirty but smiling baby at her mother's feet, How turned and went back to his work.

"Maas! Dirck!" Annetje called "Tytje's found! Tytje's found!"

The boys came running, and wanted to know all about where she had been. Annetje told them, while the goede vrouw went to get their dinner. It was now past time for the noon meal, and Vrouw Van Kassen knew Maria and Minna would be anxious and hungry when they returned.

The table was spread with a damask cloth with flowered border, and *dwallen,* or finger-wipers, were put beside each

plate. A knife, spoon, and bread were also put at each place. Salt, pepper, and dried ginger were on the table for every meal. The pewter plates were taken from the rack around the kitchen walls, the mugs from their hooks below. When the table was set, Maas went to a neighbor's well for water.

While he was gone, Maria came in. She was tired and anxious. She had stopped to ask all the people she passed if they had seen Tytje. While they waited for Maas, Vrouw Van Kassen told her where How had found the baby. Maria picked up the innocent cause of their worries and swung her high above her head and they all laughed together.

"We had better not wait for Minna,"

Vrouw Van Kassen said, when all was ready. "She may search the town before she returns." So when they had said Bon Pronfaes—God Bless You—to each other, they sat down.

The first dish was a pottage of brown and green peas, mashed with butter and ginger. When they had eaten as much as they wished, fish with carrots was put on the table, milk was poured into the pewter mugs, and cheese spread on the bread. Last came oyster pasties, with a sweet sauce. When all had finished, Vrouw Van Kassen said the grace-after-meat, and they left the table.

Minna had not returned, and her dinner was put in the tin-kitchen on the hearth to keep warm for her. Tytje was bathed and put to bed. Maria and her

mother cleared the table and washed the dishes. Annetje had time to go back to her stocking.

No more cleaning was done that afternoon, as one after another the neighbors stopped in to ask if the baby had been found. Each one heard the story and laughed over Tytje and the pigs.

CHAPTER IV

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

IT was Vrouw Van Kassen's birthday. Annetje had planned a surprise for her mother. Very early, before any one else was up, Minna came on tiptoe to waken Annetje and the boys. They dressed quietly and hurried to the kitchen. When Vrouw Van Kassen came downstairs her mind was busy with plans for entertaining the afternoon guests. She had nearly forgotten that it was her birthday. She was, however, no sooner inside the kitchen door, than out jumped Annetje, Maas, and Dirck from their hiding-places, in the shad-

ows behind chairs and chests. With a whoop they joined hands about her full petticoats and danced around their mother, singing a birthday song. At the end, all three threw their arms about her to give her the birthday kisses and hugs. The goede vrouw was delighted. Her cheery face was covered with smiles. She returned their hugs and kisses heartily. At last, when they were all out of breath with laughing and singing, Minna, who had been watching, came to curtsey and give to her mistress the birthday greetings.

"Thank you, Minna," the goede vrouw replied, "we have a busy day ahead. Please give us breakfast promptly."

When Maria and Tytje came down to

breakfast, there were more hugs and kisses for the goede vrouw. Maria had taught Tytje part of the birthday song while she was dressing her. Now she sang it in her wee baby voice to the great delight of her mother. Maas, Dirck, and Annetje clapped with glee when Tytje had finished. Then the whole family joined hands and sang at the top of their voices. Minna put breakfast on the table, and before the sun was well up, the family sat down to the morning meal.

Annetje had still another surprise for her mother. When Vrouw Van Kassen had finished her peaches and clotted cream and called for the dish of breakfast fish, Minna brought instead a queer-shaped package. Annetje and the boys

were in the secret, so they kept their eyes on their plates, although they were nearly bursting with excitement.

"Why, what is this?" said Vrouw Van Kassen with surprise.

"A new kind of fish, Mother," said Maas. "I caught it for your birthday." Then all the children laughed.

Vrouw Van Kassen solemnly put the package before her and opened it. She took out a wooden weather-vane in the shape of a Dutch farmer. Maas had made it all by himself.

"See," he said, coming around to his mother's chair, "he turns around and his arms go up and down."

"What has he in his hands?" asked Dirck.

"A hoe and a shovel," said Maas, "but I had to make them look like oars so the

wind could move them," he explained.

"Let me see," said Annetje and every one in turn had to look at the gay little farmer. His hat was red, his jacket yellow, and his full bloomer-like trousers were painted blue.

"After breakfast," said Maas, "I'll put it up on the roof."

"If you don't mind," his mother said, "I should like it on the summer-house instead."

"All right," said Maas, "it is yours, so you may have it where you like."

When Minna passed the plate of hot olykoeks and Vrouw Van Kassen raised the napkin, what did she find but a pair of blue wool stockings!

"They are from me," said Annetje, "only, one foot isn't finished yet. If

Tytje hadn't run away they would have been done. Maria promised to show me how to put clocks in them, too. I wanted you to wear them to-day but now you can't."

" 'Netje, *mine popetje,* come let me give you a big kiss. I shall be proud to wear the stockings whenever they are finished. Your knitting has improved a great deal. Did you do them all alone?"

"Yes, Mother, every stitch," said the happy Annetje, as her mother gave her a hug and kiss.

When the family had finished eating and Vrouw Van Kassen was about to say grace-after-meat, Minna brought in another dish.

"This is my present," said Dirck.

And his mother uncovered two wild pigeons, which Minna had cooked to a turn.

"I shot them myself," said Dirck, "with the bow and arrow How made for me."

After praising his skill and Minna's cooking, the goede vrouw divided the dainty dish between the family, leaving a piece for How. They soon finished their tiny portions, and grace was said and the family left the table.

"Now we must all be busy, or the afternoon will find us unprepared for our guests," the goede vrouw said. "Maria and Annetje are to make the rooms tidy and give the last touch by putting flowers in the vases. Minna will clear away the breakfast and then help me make the

pasties and sweetmeats for the afternoon."

Maas went to work at once to put his weather-vane on the top of the summer-house. Dirck was asked to watch Tytje, but he was soon called in from the garden where they had gone to play, to go on an errand. Fresh spices and more sugar were needed for the pasties.

"Go to the apothecary's, Dirck, and watch closely to see that he does not put flour into the sugar," his mother warned him: "Say that I shall report him to the Governor if he sends me more like the last."

After a while, Maas, too, was called in to go to the baker's for almond bread and *oblies*. Maria gave him a string of wampum about half a fathom long with

which to pay the baker, and told him how to find the shop.

"It has," she said, "a picture of St. Nicholas and an oven on the sign, and underneath is written 'Delicious and Sweet.' Even if you can't read, you can find the picture. Mother would send How, but it is against the law to sell cakes to Indians, so he couldn't get them. I'll watch Tytje," she added, "but hurry back, for there is much for me to do."

Maas was gone much longer than Maria thought necessary. When he did come back, it was plain to be seen that he had been in trouble of some sort. He had gotten into a fight. Maria was anxious for the state of the cakes. Before she would listen to Maas' story, she looked to see what damage had been done to the almond bread and oblies.

Only a few of the crisp, rolled wafers were broken, and she was so relieved that she gave Maas a piece of broken oblie and asked him to tell her how it happened that he got into a fight. So Maas began:

"I was on the way home from the baker's and had come as far as the bridge that crosses the *graf*. I saw a crowd of boys chasing hogs out of the street. You know the Governor has forbidden hogs to run in the street, so I had to help the boys. I put my packages behind a hedge and I thought they would be safe enough," Maas said.

"You know that was wrong," Maria put in, "but what happened next?"

"Well," he went on, "when we had chased all the hogs into Vrouw Petrus's yard, I went to get my cakes and they

were gone! I knew some of the boys had taken them. I said I'd fight all of them unless they told me where my packages were, pretty quick. I had to fight only one boy and then they gave me the cakes. My, but I am glad so few were broken!" he ended.

"It will be a very good thing when we get a good schoolmaster who can keep you boys in school," was all that Maria said as she went back to her work.

The noon meal was very simple and quickly eaten that day. The boys went off for the afternoon as soon as they had won a promise from Minna to save them something good from the party.

Vrouw Van Kassen told Maria to see that Tytje, Annetje, and herself were dressed in plenty of time to meet the earliest guest. So Maria took the two

little girls to her room for a rest, while she laid out their clothes.

Vrouw Van Kassen then made a last tour of inspection and gave Minna her final orders about serving the guests in the garden, and went to dress. How was told to be on hand to get fresh water from the tea-water pump in plenty of time to make the tea.

Before three o'clock, which was the usual hour for guests to arrive, Vrouw Van Kassen was waiting to receive her company. She wore a rose silk gown with a pointed bodice. It opened over a fawn-colored, quilted petticoat. Plump as she was, she wore the circular hoop that rested on the hips and gave that pleasant round appearance to the figure which was the fashion. Her sleeves were full, and slashed to show

sheer white muslin beneath. Her ruff was wide and plaited, and her coif was of lace. Around her waist was a gold chatelaine from which hung chains with scent-bottles, pomanders, charms, and trinkets attached. These vanities replaced the keys, scissors, pincushion, and tiny case called a housewife, containing thimble, needle, and bodkins, which she wore every day.

A little later Maria came down with Annetje and Tytje. Vrouw Van Kassen was pleased with the appearance of her daughters. Maria was gay in a green petticoat, a red-and-blue Haarlamer waistcoat, a pair of blue-and-yellow sleeves, and a purple apron. Her hair was looped up over her ears and twisted behind with narrow red ribbon. She wore long gold earrings, and many

chains of small gold beads about her neck.

Annetje's long dress of flowered calico was made like her mother's, and she wore it over a light-blue quilted skirt. Her slippers were red, with tiny ribbon rosettes on the toes. She was very proud of her little starched ruff and sheer cap, which were made exactly like her mother's.

Tytje wore a white dress of fine, embroidered cambric with a tight waist and a long skirt. There were blue ribbons on her shoulders and around her waist. She looked so adorable that the goede vrouw crossed her knees, put Tytje astride her foot, and taking hold of her hands sang the song every Dutch child knew so well:

"TRIP A TROP A TRONJES"

"Trip a trop a tronjes,
De Varken in de boonjes,
De Koejes in de klaver,
De Paaden in de haver,
De Eenjes in de water plas,
De Kalf in de lang gras,
So goede mine kliene Tytje was."

At the last line Vrouw Van Kassen's strong arms threw the baby high over her head, and Tytje screamed with glee.

"More," she said, "more!"

"THE GOVERNOR HAS POSTED NOTICES"

But the play was interrupted by the arrival of the first guests. Before they had been welcomed, others came, by twos and threes, until all the friends and neighbors had gathered. They chat-

tered and gossiped, and the news of the town traveled quickly around the little group.

"The Governor has posted notices again, warning the townfolk about throwing garbage and trash into the streets and canal," said Vrouw Besser. "Yes, and two of my neighbors have been fined again for using evil language to each other."

"Right well pleased I am for that, for I must keep my children indoors when they quarrel," said another matron, who lived next door to the offenders.

And so it went, until Vrouw Van Kassen invited them into the garden. *Stuk* was served in the summer-house and on little tables set either side of the paths.

Maria poured tea from the Delft pots,

and Annetje passed the oblies and comfits and almond bread. There were fruit, cock's-comb pasties, and tarts filled with preserves of all kinds. With the tea was passed a shell-shaped silver "bite and stir" box, containing lumps of sugar. Each lady helped herself and laid a lump beside her cup, and as she drank, she dipped in her sugar, nibbling and sipping the tea from it.

As it neared six o'clock the vrouwen began to take their leave. Each had her household duties, and pleasure never interfered with them. When all the gay company had gone, Vrouw Van Kassen, Maria, and the two little girls sat a while in the garden to enjoy the coolness of approaching evening and to talk over the events of the afternoon.

Presently Annetje darted up the gar-

den path, calling "Papa! Papa!" Before Maria and her mother could say a word, they saw Mynheer Van Kassen and Kryn coming through the gate. Annetje was perched on her father's shoulder. He put her down to greet his wife and Maria and to take Tytje up in her place.

"What a surprise!" laughed the goede vrouw.

"We worked hard to get here to-day," said Kryn. "Here is a birthday present for you," he added, pulling forward a sack of otter skins.

"These will make you the most beautiful coat in all New Amsterdam, Goede Vrouw," said her husband, as he stroked a soft brown skin which he had taken from the bag. Annetje and Tytje wanted to feel of the fur, too, and Maria

and her mother exclaimed with delight over the gift.

After Vrouw Van Kassen had thanked her husband again and again, she said, "The best present of all is to have you home on my birthday."

CHAPTER V

A NEW AMSTERDAM SUNDAY

IT was a clear, cool Sunday morning. Annetje was the first of the family to be dressed and downstairs. She found Minna busy.

"Good morning, Minna," she said, "can I help you?"

"Good-day to you, Mistress Annetje," said Minna. "Let me see what you can do. The table is set, and the Bible is at the master's place. The breakfast is cooking, and How has gone for fresh water." Then looking around the room, Minna added, "Mistress Annetje, you may shake up the pillows in the chairs, if you like."

So Annetje went to work to smooth out the many tumbled cushions. Just as she finished, the family came into the kitchen, washed, and dressed in their Sunday best.

Mynheer Van Kassen's suit was black grosgrain. His wide white collar and cuffs of lace and cambric were fresh and crisp, and the silver buttons on his jacket were brightly polished, as were the buckles that fastened the wide breeches below his knees. His waistcoat was made of silver cloth. He wore black leather shoes with high heels and ribbon rosettes across the instep. On his head was his bell-crowned hat.

Maas and Dirck were in green flannel suits, with long-skirted coats trimmed with many buttons. The wide collars and cuffs were like their father's,

and scarlet garters fastened their green wool hose. They wore wide-brimmed, gray, felt hats with low crowns.

Kryn was gay in striped velvet breeches, silk jacket with slashed sleeves, and a bright blue satin waistcoat over a fine linen shirt. His high-heeled shoes were brown and trimmed with buckles; the garters were black, and tied in loops below his knees. His hat had a flowing plume on its wide brim.

The family took their seats in silence. Minna put on the food and sat down in her place at the end of the table. Then Mynheer Van Kassen stood up and took off his hat. The others followed, the boys taking off their hats, too. Together, the family said a long prayer. After the "Amen," hats were replaced and all sat down to breakfast. Towards

the end of the meal Mynheer Van Kassen opened the Bible and read a chapter from the Scriptures. When the reading was over and all had finished eating, the family again stood and sang a hymn. Grace-after-meat followed, and the solemn meal was over. There had been no conversation during breakfast. Only Tytje talked when she wanted to, in spite of Annetje and Maria who tried to keep her quiet during Bible-reading and prayers.

When the family had left the table, Dirck said, "Father, may Maas and I walk to the Stadt Huys with you to see the Governor, the Schepens, and Bourgamasters march into the fort to church?"

"Oh, let me go, too!" begged Annetje.

But her father shook his head and

said, "You must go with your mother and sister, little daughter, but the boys may come with me if they wish to."

Maria brought her father his long, gold-headed staff and black velvet cloak, and he started down the street with Maas and Dirck behind him.

The streets were quiet with Sunday calm. It was the law of New Amsterdam that on Sunday no person should be allowed to do the labors of his calling, such as sowing, mowing, building, sawing wood, smithing, bleaching, hunting, or fishing, under penalty of one pound Flemish for each person offending. And the law went on to say: "No idle or unallowed exercise and sports, such as drinking to excess, frequenting inns or tap-houses, dancing, card-playing, tick-tacking, playing at

ball, playing at bowls, playing at ninepins, taking jaunts in boats, wagons, or carriages is permitted, between or during Divine Services under penalty of double fine."

The boys were used to the solemn quiet of Sunday mornings and walked behind their father with as much importance as any town officials. Here and there they saw men sitting on their front stoeps smoking long pipes, but the streets were nearly deserted. A little later, garden gates would open to let out the good people going to the Church of St. Nicholas, which stood inside the walls of the fort.

The boys and their father walked on in silence. They passed the Bowling Green, where the wagons and horses of country folk come to worship were

allowed to stand. The horses were turned loose to graze, and the farmers and their families walked to the church.

These peasant men were dressed in wide homespun breeches and *hemdroks,* or shirt-coats, of cotton, over which were worn frocks or *paltroks* of black linen. Their low, flat collars were white and starched, and on their feet were leather shoes for Sunday. They brushed their short hair straight back from the forehead and covered it by close-fitting caps over which were worn broad-brimmed hats. The farmers' wives were in short skirts of linsey-woolsey, left the natural color or dyed. Their jackets were of blue or red Holland cotton. Around their shoulders were broad white kerchiefs and on their heads stiff, white caps. The children

were dressed just like their mothers and fathers.

Soon Mynheer Van Kassen and the twins were in sight of the water-front and the Stadt Huys.

"Oh, look! See the people on the Schreyer's Hoek," said Dirck in a whisper, pointing to a little hill near the river, which was called the Weeper's Point. "What are those people looking at? Let's go see."

And without saying anything to their father, who was walking ahead of them, they were off to find out what the little crowd had gathered for. It wasn't long before they knew a strange ship was in the harbor. "Pirates," said some, "The English," said others, but no one seemed very excited about it.

"Oh, Dirck," said Maas, "I wish it

"Pirates," said Some

were pirates. Do you think they would try to start a fight?"

"I hope the fort fires on them if they are English," said Dirck. "The English have no right to sail up our river or trade with the Indians here."

"The Governor will stop 'em," said Maas. "They are all afraid of old Peg-Leg," he added saucily.

Just then the drum and tolling bell were heard and the boys hurried to the open space in front of the Town Hall. Already the Governor and the city officials, clad in their long black cloaks and bell-crowned hats, had formed in line. The bell-ringer walked in front, carrying velvet cushions for the Governor's pew. The stately procession made its way slowly toward the church. Not a sound was heard but the thump of

the heavy, gold-topped staves of office, which the officials struck in unison as they walked.

Maas and Dirck had to walk as fast as they could to reach the church ahead of the Governor's procession. By the time the thump, thump of official staves could be heard in the church, the boys had found their mother with Annetje. They were seated in the high box pew, with the family name-plate on it, and the row of metal foot-warmers on the floor for use in cold weather. Maria and Kryn sat with some of their gay, young friends on the other side of the church.

As soon as the pew doors had closed on the magistrates and they were comfortably seated against their cushions, the Voorleser opened the service. He

stood in the baptistry below the high pulpit and read from the Bible. This was followed by the singing of a Psalm, led by the Voorsinger, while the Dominie stood in silent prayer. At the end of the Psalm there was the clinking of many chains as the vrouwen settled themselves for the sermon and adjusted their chatelaines, from which hung gold- and silver-tipped Bibles and hymn-books.

The Dominie then entered the tiny pulpit with its big sounding-board above. He laid out his text, gave its connection with the sermon, and then spoke of the need of giving. The Deacons stood facing the pulpit with the velvet alms-bags ready in their hands. These they passed to the congregation on the ends of long sticks. The little

bells at the bottom of the bags jingled pleasantly as the Deacons moved about the church.

This morning Annetje didn't enjoy the bells as usual for she could not find one of the stivers, which was to be part of her offering. Maas saw her looking in her pockets and on the floor and guessed what was the matter.

"I'll give you mine," he whispered, "if you don't find yours by the time the Deacon comes."

But just as the velvet bag came over the side of the pew, Annetje found the lost penny and proudly dropped her offering of six stivers, one at a time, into the bag.

When the collection was all gathered, the Voorsinger turned the hour-glass and the sermon began. Before it was

over, the benches grew hard, the boys restless, and Annetje wished she were Tytje, who was still too young to know how to behave and had been left at home. After what seemed to the children a great while, the sermon came to an end. The Voorleser then passed up to the pulpit, on the end of a long stick, requests for prayers or any thank-offerings from the congregation. These were read aloud. The Voorsinger led another Psalm, and then the service was over. The people filed out in an orderly procession.

The townspeople went quietly to their homes for the noon meal. The families, who had come in from the country for the Sunday services, gathered in groups about their wagons on the Green,

to eat their luncheons and enjoy a social hour.

The Van Kassen family did not return for the second service. The afternoon was beautiful and they planned to go for a picnic to the seashore, as soon as they could, without breaking the Sunday laws. Clothes were changed and a bounteous lunch put up in baskets. By the time the afternoon service was over, they were all ready to start.

Kryn rode a horse and Maria sat behind him. Mynheer drove a clumsy country wagon, and his goede vrouw sat by his side. The lunch was stowed under the seat, and Annetje, Minna, Tytje, and Dirck settled themselves in the hay in the bottom of the wagon. Maas was riding for the first half of the

trip behind How on his Indian pony. The boys had been quarrelsome about who was to ride with How first. The Indian, in his usual way, settled the matter without a word by lifting Maas to the blanket behind him.

If the first half of the day had been solemn and silent, they made up for it now. The streets and gardens were full of good-natured groups chatting and playing games. Other families, like the Van Kassens were on their way to the country or the seashore for an outing. Annetje and Dirck saw boys and girls they knew, and waved and called:

"There's Jan! there's Gertje! Maybe they are going to the seashore, too."

Dirck and Maas changed places as nearly "half-way" as could be guessed.

"How, please give me a turn," An-

netje begged, as the Indian came close to the wagon so that the boys could change places.

"You and Tytje may ride with How when we come to the beach," said Vrouw Van Kassen, and Annetje was delighted.

When they came to their favorite stretch of open beach, several families were there ahead of them. Soon, however, all the Van Kassens were playing games with the others.

Mynheer Van Kassen joined the men, who were throwing discs on the hard, wet sand to see who could make the disc roll the longest distance. Others were playing *klos* or *klootbaan*. For this game they set up two sticks and joined them at the top to form a wicket. Through this the player had to throw a

disc. If he missed, he waited his turn and took up the disc from where it fell and threw until he hit a post. This counted one. If he threw the disc through the wicket, it counted two. The player won, who first made the number of points decided upon before the game.

Maas and Dirck joined the boys, who were playing *knickers* or marbles on the hard sand. The tide was creeping up on them and soon marbles and lines were washed away with every wave.

"Oh, let's stop and shoot at a target," said Dirck.

So off the boys went to set up a target. Most of them had brought their bows and arrows, and the sport was close, as all were good shots.

How gave Annetje and her little friends Gertje, Elsje, and Catrina rides by turns on the faithful pony. Tytje had her ride and then went off with

"I'm a Tlam, I'm a Tlam!"

Minna to dig in the sand and gather shells. A big wave knocked Tytje over. She was so wet and frightened that her mother had to take off her clothes to dry them in the sun while

Tytje lay covered with warm sand.

"Now, you are a clam, Tytje," Minna said, when only the baby's head showed above the sand.

"I'm a tlam, I'm a tlam!" Tytje piped in her baby voice.

She kept pushing her hands and feet up through the sand and Minna was busy keeping her covered.

Kryn and Maria wandered down the beach with the young people who were strolling arm in arm, by two and threes, singing as they walked.

"Come, Maria," said young Kilian Goldyn, "I dare you to play at *zee-dragen!*"

"Don't you think it is dangerous, Kilian, with the tide coming in?" Maria asked.

"My arms are strong," the youth re-

plied, "and I am sure of foot. Don't be afraid."

"Come on, every one," he called. "Now for a game of zee-dragen!"

At that, every young man caught a girl in his arms and dashed into the surf. When the waves splashed about the top of his high boots, he turned and brought his burden to the shore. Then he rolled her in the sand. The game was rough and Maria did not like it. She had heard of boys being knocked off their feet by the waves. Once, when this happened, the girl was washed out into deep water and drowned before she could be reached. It was growing late, and Maria was grateful when her father's call put a stop to the game of zee-dragen.

The several families were soon

packed into their wagons or mounted on horseback. Happy and tired after their play, the Van Kassens jogged toward home. When they reached their own gate the stars were out.

Tytje was asleep and Minna put her to bed without waking her. The others gathered about the fireplace in the kitchen. Annetje sat on her father's lap. He told the story of the Good Samaritan, pointing to the pictures on the tiles as he went along. At the end of the story the family sang a hymn and joined in the evening prayers. Then the children kissed their mother and father good-night and received a blessing. Upstairs they trooped, leaving Mynheer Van Kassen to smoke a last long pipe and his goede vrouw to nod before the fire, as she waited for him to finish.

CHAPTER VI

SCHOOL

"HUSBAND," said Vrouw Van Kassen, one day when the weather was beginning to make one think of Autumn, "the boys must go to school this winter. I cannot have them grow up untaught, even if we must send them to New England to school."

"That we shall not have to do, Goede Vrouw. The council has invited a learned young man to start a Latin School here, and our sons will then be as well taught as though we were in Holland. The next ship should bring the new master, and school will open as

soon as he meets with the Burghers."

"I hope the young man proves more able than those who have been here before him," Vrouw Van Kassen said. "We have had many with no morals and no learning. Little wonder that the boys have been unruly and learned nothing but mischief."

"As for Annetje, you can teach her more at home than she can learn at the Dame School," said her husband.

"That is true," said Vrouw Van Kassen, "they say that Mistress Klopf can neither read nor write. She teaches the girls under her care the alphabet, Lord's Prayer, Commandments, and Articles of Faith by rote, in the mornings, and afternoons they knit and learn needlework. All of that Annetje can learn at home, just as Maria did."

"I like not the idea," Mynheer Van Kassen went on to say, "of so many girls being gathered in one small room, where the schoolmistress eats and sleeps. Until we have better schools for girls, my daughters remain at home and learn from their mother."

Not long after this conversation Maas and Dirck, with a number of boys their own age were standing on the public dock. The *Brown Fish* had just come from Holland. The boys heard that the new schoolmaster would be aboard, so they had gone to see him come ashore.

"There he comes," said Rickert. "See, Burgher Jacobus Grist is going to meet him."

They saw a tall, slim young man with a serious face and a look about him that said, "Now work, and no more fooling!"

Nothing was said until the schoolmaster and the burgher had walked past them toward the Stadt Huys, but each boy was

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE BURGHER

thinking that at last they would have a master whose word they had better obey without a question.

The boys stayed to watch the work of

unloading, with the big crane, the small boats which brought the cargo from the *Brown Fish* lying out in the harbor. After a while Dirck said:

"How do you like the looks of the new schoolmaster, boys?"

"Oh, he's all right, I guess," said Tobias.

"I don't think any one would try to play a prank on him but once," added Rickert.

"We'll have to tell the boys about him before school starts," said Maas. "It wouldn't do to make a bad start; not with that master!"

When they tired of watching the crane do its work, they walked toward the narrow little street in which the shops of the West India Company stood. These were small stone buildings where

the soldiers and others working for the company traded. There was a carpenter shop, a blacksmith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, hatter, and armorer. To this last shop the boys never tired of going, and here they stopped to-day.

The coals burned red in the forge. The busy hammer in the armorer's strong hand quickly beat the hot metal into spear or breastplate. The boys looked with delight on the helmets, pieces of body armor, spears, and axes which hung about the smoky walls. Tobias whispered to Maas that he would much rather be an armorer's apprentice than go to school. He thought perhaps he'd speak to his father about it before school started.

After the boys had watched the armorer work for quite a while, they wan-

THE BUSY HAMMER IN THE ARMORER'S STRONG HAND

dered to the rear of the fine shops where the company goat-house stood. There was something very amusing about the goats with their whiskers and knobby heads. They were always chewing. Every bush in the goatfold and around the outside of the fence had been stripped of leaves as high as a goat could reach. The goatherd's boys were sparring with the kids. Those frisky little animals would stand on their hind legs, put down their heads and jump about like any boxer. The boys laughed until their sides ached, watching these boxing-matches. When they had seen enough of this, they crossed the street, went through the yard of Hendryck Jansen, the baker, and came out on the Marckvelt. It was here that the country people brought eggs, poultry, and vegeta-

bles to sell on market days. To-day it was quite deserted.

The little group strolled on towards the Bowling Green. There soldiers off duty were loafing about, a few idle men sat smoking their long pipes, and some children were playing *trock* with hoops and ball. Some of the boys stayed to play on the Green, but Maas, Dirck, Rickert, and Tobias decided to look farther for adventure.

They were soon in front of a small frame house, having a sign which read "School. Here children are taught." The last schoolmaster had lived here and the boys knew the building well. The door and windows were open, but no one was about and Dirck said:

"I guess they are cleaning up the rooms for the new master. Let's go in."

As they went through the door, Rickert stopped and started to take down a small sign which hung by the door.

"I guess they won't need this any more," he said.

"Better let it alone," Tobias answered.

It was a small faded placard in the handwriting of the last schoolmaster, and it told what subjects he was permitted to teach.

They entered a small room with a low ceiling. It was poorly lighted and anything but inviting. In one corner stood the *pultrum* or reading-desk on which lay the Bible. At the front of the room, in the center, was an enclosed space where the teacher's raised desk stood. Crude wooden benches and tables at which the pupils worked filled the rest of the room.

"Now, I'll be the new master," said Rickert, going up to the teacher's desk.

"Oh, don't let's play school!" said Tobias. "We'll have to come here to work soon enough."

"Tobias," said Rickert in a very stern voice, "come to my desk."

"Oh, go on and play, Tobias," said Maas, pushing him forward.

Rickert took down the Dunce's board and hung it about Tobias' neck, telling him to stand for ten minutes as an example to lazy and stupid pupils.

They all laughed at this, and soon the four boys were standing around the teacher's desk handling the many objects which hung or lay in the enclosure. There was a willow rod and a flat wooden stick, called a *plak,* for striking the hands of unruly or lazy pupils.

Many books of writing texts were piled on the desk, and examples of fine penmanship hung behind it.

Four writing contests were held every year for the pupils. Silver pens, small writing-desks, penknives, hymn-books, and New Testaments were given as prizes. Once Maas had tried hard to win a penknife, but he had been given a hymn-book. He never tried for another prize.

On the desk were also an inkhorn, sand-boxes, a sharp penknife, a tile on which was a smooth pebble used to mix the inks of all colors, and shells and horns, large and small, to hold the different kinds of ink. Beside a vase of black ink stood goose-quills, parchment, a seal, and green wax.

A large book, in which the names of

pupils were written, lay closed on the desk. The boys opened it and found their own names. There were also slates and New Testaments. To the right of the teacher's chair hung an A B C board, copy-books, hornbooks, hymnals, and an iron comb. This last was to be used on unclean scalps. A number of calculating-boards hung behind the desk.

After the boys had looked at everything, tried the different inks, written on the slates, attempted to use the iron comb on each other, as well as the willow rods and plak, they left the schoolhouse, and returned home.

At supper that night, Dirck told about seeing the new schoolmaster. Kryn had seen him, too, and said:

"I guess Master Crol can take care of you, all right. He looks like a fine fel-

low to me. I'm glad he has come."

Not long after this, a notice was posted at the Stadt Huys, on the walls of the fort, and in the tavern, that all parents were expected to send their boys to school on the following Monday.

When Monday came, Maas and Dirck were at the school long before time to begin lessons. As the boys arrived, word was passed about that the new master was not a man to be trifled with. At seven o'clock the master came to the door and called the boys in. In silence they took their places on the long benches, keeping their caps on, as was the custom.

The session was opened with Bible-reading, after which the boys stood and removed their caps for the hymn and

prayer. The master then announced the hours of the daily sessions and read the days on which they were to have holidays. School was to meet from seven in the morning until eleven o'clock, when they were dismissed for two hours. At one they came back and worked until four o'clock. Then they had an hour for the play and stuk, after which they worked again from five until seven. The younger boys were not to return for this last session. Holidays were given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, Sundays, Market days, Dog days, after writing for prizes, and on the days when the quarterly payments were made, and, of course, all National festival days.

On Wednesday the schoolmaster always took his pupils to the church to

be questioned about the Catechism before the Dominie and Elders, after which the pupils were dismissed.

When the master had finished his speech, quills, ink, and new copy-books were given to the boys. As their first lesson they were to write the rules of behavior for home, school, and church. It took them all the morning to do it to please the master. They wrote out directions how to sit, stand up, bow and nod, and solemnly worded warnings not to shuffle their feet, scratch themselves, blow their noses too loud, quarrel, fight, strike, kick, hurt, or abuse the others.

At eleven o'clock, school was dismissed for the day. The boys had cramped fingers and stiff backs. On the way home they decided that there

was a long winter's work ahead of them, and no way out of it.

"But, cheer up," Dirck said, "the Kermis comes soon, and then a holiday and a good time for every one."

CHAPTER VII

THE KERMIS

ONE morning when the boys were at school and Annetje had finished saying the Commandments to Maria, she looked up at her and said:

"Maria, do you think Father will let me go to the Kermis this year? I'm big enough not to get lost. Would you let me go with you?"

"Yes, 'Netje dear, if Father and Mother are willing," replied Maria.

"The boys say they are building the stalls in the Marckvelt. How long will it be before the Kermis opens?" Annetje asked.

"I think all will be ready in about a week," Maria answered. "Did you know, Annetje, that a long time ago the Kermis was a solemn church ceremony, the Kerk Mis? Now it is just a big fair and festival."

As the opening day of the Kermis drew near, the town became more crowded. Nearly every home had a guest from the country or a near-by village. From the time the city gates opened at sunrise, until they were closed at sunset, farmers came in, bringing prize cattle to exhibit. The country women brought cheeses, poultry, preserves, and the work of their looms and needles. Indians came with beadwork, baskets, articles made of birch-bark, and beautiful woven blankets. The women of New Amsterdam planned displays of

their needlework, cookery, and weaving. The merchants were arranging for the sale of farm implements, clothes, and trinkets.

Maas and Dirck spent all the time they had away from school watching the confused preparations on the Marckvelt. Annetje could hardly wait for them to come home and tell her what they had seen there.

"To-day, a troupe of men and women dressed in the gayest clothes went by the school," said Maas. "I think they were jugglers and conjurers."

"They had a big brown bear with them," said Dirck. "I guess he dances and does tricks."

"Oh, I want to see the bear!" said Annetje. "Father, may I go to the Kermis this year? I'm grown-up now, so I

INDIANS CAME WITH BEADWORK

won't get lost or hurt. Maria will take care of me if you say I may go," begged Annetje.

"Yes," her father answered, "if your mother or Maria take you, it will be safe. Do not go with the boys or by yourself. You might easily be lost or stolen in such a crowd of strangers."

The great day came at last. There was no school and Dirck and Maas were off as soon as breakfast was over. The Kermis did not open until noon, but the boys were far too eager to wait. Mynheer Van Kassen and Kryn soon followed the boys. The usual business of the town was at a standstill and workmen were seen everywhere with corners of their red leather aprons tucked in their belts. The merchants gathered at the tavern and in front of the Stadt Huys to talk of the Cattle Fair and the displays of their merchandise.

Vrouw Van Kassen, Maria, and

Minna went about their household tasks as usual. Annetje took care of Tytje. She was not sure whether she was going to be taken to the opening of the Kermis or not, but she knew better than to beg or tease for it. About the middle of the morning Maria called her in from the garden, where she was playing knucklebones all by herself, while she watched Tytje.

"It's time to dress," said Maria.

"Oh, am I to go to the Kermis with you?"

"Yes," said Maria.

And Annetje danced up and down with joy.

"Mother and you and I are going down for the opening," said Maria. "Minna will stay home to take care of Tytje and watch the house."

"Can't Minna ever go?" asked Annetje.

"Oh, yes," said Maria, "Mother will stay home some day and let Minna go. There is plenty of time for all of us to go. You know, the Kermis usually lasts for six weeks."

The three were soon dressed in their gayest clothes. Before they could leave the house, Vrouw Van Kassen made the rounds of windows and doors to see that all was secure against any thieves who might have come into town with the many strangers. When she saw that all was secure, they bade good-by to Tytje and Minna and started off. Annetje walked between her mother and Maria. As she went through the gate she turned to wave to Minna and Tytje.

"I'll bring you a present," she called back to them.

On the way downtown they met many friends, all going in the same direction. When the stalls and the gaily colored tents were in sight, Maria left her mother and Annetje. A crowd of young men and women were gathering for a procession. They were going to march arm in arm through the streets singing, "Hosen, Hosen," and at the first stroke of twelve, begin a gay dance on the Green. The crowd grew very thick and Annetje held tightly to her mother's hand as they walked slowly along, in front of the brightly decorated stalls and booths.

At the first stroke of noon, the crowd stood still and quiet for a second. Then

a great shout went up. Music and singing commenced on all sides and there was a great clamor of voices. By the time the last stroke of twelve had sounded, white crosses had been nailed on every bridge, and the whole town had given itself up to a long and noisy holiday.

On all sides men shouted their wares or the attractions they offered. Annetje was so short that she could not see much because of the crowd. She was just a little frightened, too, and was glad to stay close to her mother's side. After a while, in the thick of the crowd, Annetje saw Maas and Dirck. She shouted to them with all her might and they heard her and made their way to where she and Vrouw Van Kassen stood.

"Have you had anything to eat, boys?" their mother asked.

"Not yet, Mother," they said.

"Then we will buy something at the next food stall we come to," said Vrouw Van Kassen. So the four of them walked on until they came to a stall selling hard-boiled eggs, dried fish, and gherkins. A *poffert-jeskraams* was selling batter-cakes from a cart near by, and the *wafelkraamen* was calling his wares. All were soon supplied with hot waffles and batter-cakes, which they ate with their eggs, fish, and pickles. When they had finished eating, Annetje asked:

"Where is the trained bear? Have you seen him yet?"

"Yes, we have," both boys replied,

"and we will take you there if Mother will let us."

Vrouw Van Kassen would not hear of Annetje going off with the boys, but she good-naturedly agreed to go with them. On the way to the place where the bear was on display, they passed a small Indian encampment. There were wigwams and a camp-fire. Near one of the wigwams hung wild turkeys, quail, and venison, which the Indians had brought to sell. Before others were displayed blankets, brooms, beadwork, and baskets. Some squaws sat making wampum. They made the blue beads from the heart of the clam-shells, and four of them equalled a Dutch stiver or an English penny. The white beads were made from the stems of the periwinkle shells, and six of them were worth a stiver.

Wampum was usually strung on hair-grass or hemp and braided into belts to be used for money. Annetje and the boys were eager to stop and see more of the Indian camp, but Vrouw Van Kassen remembered Indian trouble in the colony and was really afraid of all Indians except How, and she urged them to find the bear.

On the way they passed a toy booth, and Annetje remembered her promise to bring Tytje and Minna a present. She found it hard to decide on her gifts and not until the boys grew tired of waiting and said they were going on without her, did she choose for Tytje a painted wooden doll, with arms and legs which moved when a string was pulled, and a jar in the shape of a red apple for Minna.

Vrouw Van Kassen stopped at the needlework booth where a number of her friends were gathered. She lifted Annetje up to the counter to show her a large silk flag which was on display. The ladies of New Amsterdam had made the flag and embroidered on it the arms of New Netherland. They had presented it to Governor Stuyvesant. Vrouw Van Kassen had helped to make the flag. Annetje and the boys were very much interested when she told them about it.

After a while they came to a gaily colored tent. Out in front a man was juggling balls and a woman was making a small white dog do tricks. Soon the man put the balls away and went into the tent. When he came out he led a bear by a chain and carried a fiddle un-

der one arm. He took the chain off the bear and started to play. The bear got

In a Clumsy Dance

up on his hind legs and moved about in a clumsy dance. Annetje thought the

bear must be tired, he moved so slowly and solemnly, and she said so out loud to the amusement of all who heard her. When the music stopped, the bear dropped down on all fours and stood with his head hanging in a most sorrowful way. Then the man put on the chain again and led the bear toward the people who stood watching the show. When they were quite close, he spoke to the bear and again the big animal got up on his hind legs. The man slipped a basket over one of the bear's paws and told him to pass it. The big bear moved back and forth very slowly along the line. A few people put coins into the basket. When the bear came to Annetje, he looked so very big up on his hind legs that she was afraid and moved nearer to her mother. The man saw

that she had a few pennies to drop into the basket so he came close and waited until she stood on tiptoe and dropped them in. Then the bear was led back to the tent and the people who had been watching moved on to the next attraction.

Vrouw Van Kassen said she thought it was time to go home. The boys didn't want to go with her but promised to be home before dark, and off they went looking for more excitement. Annetje was tired. She was really glad to get away from the dust and the noise, after her mother had promised her that she might come another day.

The Van Kassens were all tired and ready for an early bed that night. Annetje was asleep before the *klopperman* in his uniform of blue dapple, turned up

with orange facings, passed the house. He came to light the lanterns which hung from poles on every seventh house. Later he came through the street again, shaking his rattle and calling "Nine o'clock and all is well." No one was awake to hear him but Minna. From her bed in the kitchen, she could hear music and the shouts of revelers going to and from the Kermis. When she went to sleep, it was to dream of the things she would see if her mistress let her off on the morrow.

CHAPTER VIII

"ST. MARTIN-SHAKE-THE-BASKET DAY"

AN early cold spell and a light snowfall shortened the time of the Kermis. Before Annetje stopped asking to be taken to see the bear, his master had loaded the tent, his juggling-balls and fiddle into a cart, and had set off with his companions, leading the bear, while the little white dog rode on top of the goods. By St. Martin's Day the Marckvelt was deserted, except for the empty booths. And so it was, when that festival brought another school holiday, that Maas and Dirck were ready for a day away from their lessons.

The eleventh of November dawned gray with frost. The air tingled with the promise of good skating. Maas and Dirck were eager to be off before the sun could spoil the ice.

"Won't you take me?" asked Annetje. "I know how to skate." And she ran to get her little skates with the bone runners turned up at the ends.

"Oh, you can't keep up with us," boasted Maas. "Last winter I was the fastest boy on the canal. You are only a girl!"

Annetje's feelings were very much hurt. Minna comforted her and promised to take her to the canal when the work was done, if the ice was still good, and Vrouw Van Kassen would let her go. This made Annetje happy again and she took care of Tytje and helped

Minna, when she could, so that the work would be done the quicker.

Maria was busy helping her mother get ready for the St. Martin's Day feast. There was to be wonderful stuffed goose, for every one had a goose on St. Martin's Day. With it would go special pancakes and medlars and ever so many other good things.

Maas came home about the middle of the morning to mend a broken strap on one of his skates.

"How is the ice, Maas?" asked Minna.

"Oh, it's fine," he answered.

"Is there too much of a crowd for me to take Tytje in the sleigh?"

"No, not on the canal. Almost all the boys are on the pond," said Maas, as he hurried off to rejoin his friends.

Minna went to ask her mistress if she might take the two little girls on the canal.

"Yes, Minna, for a short while, if the ice is safe. It will give them better appetites for their dinner," Vrouw Van Kassen told her.

So Minna bundled up Tytje and tied Annetje's gay red scarf about her neck, and they set off in high spirits. The canal was not far from the house and How carried the sleigh he had made for Tytje. It looked like a little cradle on sapling runners. Its long handle made it easy for Minna to push it before her on the ice, as she skated.

They soon found a place on the canal where the ice was smooth and there were but few people. Minna helped Annetje put on her skates. Then she

tucked Tytje into the sleigh and off they went. Soon Annetje's cheeks were as

OFF THEY WENT

red as her cap and scarf, for she had to work her short legs hard, under her

many petticoats, to keep up with Minna and Tytje.

Annetje was learning to turn around on her skates and had just done it twice without falling down, when she saw Maas and Dirck walking along the road beside the canal. They were swinging their skates and bringing home big appetites for the St. Martin's goose.

"Oh, look!" called Annetje. "See, Maas! See, Dirck! I can turn around now."

Off she started and after a few glides, tried to make a turn. But down she went! The boys laughed and so did Annetje, as she got up, ready to try again. This time she made it, and Dirck called to her:

"That's fine, 'Netje. By the end of

the winter you will be able to go on the pond with us."

This pleased Annetje very much, and she decided to work harder than ever to improve her skating.

They all went home together. Maas and Dirck carried Tytje's sleigh and Annetje trotted beside them, listening to a story of an evil spirit that had been seen on one of the *bouweries* the night before, trying to carry off fowls from the hen-house. The boys at the pond were all talking about it. They were sure it was a ghost, because the farmer had shot it, and when he went out at daylight, there was not a trace of anything living or dead.

When they reached home, the smell of the goose told them they were just in

time for dinner. A merry family enjoyed the St. Martin's feast at the Van Kassen home that day. Besides the goose and pancakes, there were quail and venison, sweet pasties, carrots and turnips stewed with pork, cheese tarts, medlars, and comfits. A jug of new wine or *must* was at every place. When the goose had been picked clean, Mynheer Van Kassen felt of the breast-bone.

"It is hard," he said solemnly. "We may expect a long, severe winter with much snow."

Then the children clapped their hands with joy, and Vrouw Van Kassen thought with satisfaction of her store of dried fruits and vegetables and salted or smoked meats which hung in the loft.

Twilight had crept into the house by

the time dinner was over and the candles were brought. Part of the family gathered around the fireplace. Kryn and Maria went to join some friends who were having a moonlight skating party and late supper. Vrouw Van Kassen sat spinning, and the soft whirr of the wheel filled the room. Her husband rested his feet on the shining fender and dozed over his long pipe. Tytje and Annetje napped with their heads on Minna's lap. Off in a corner of the kitchen, where they would not disturb their father's sleep, How was helping the boys make mink-traps.

Naps were over, after a while, and Tytje and Annetje climbed on their father's lap.

"Oh, please," asked Annetje, "won't you do the Punch and Judy show for

us? We have not seen it for such a long time, not since Shrove Tuesday, last year. Won't you please do it?" she begged.

Mynheer Van Kassen loved his family and especially his gay little daughter with golden hair, so he cheerfully said he would give the little show for her.

"And while you are getting ready," Annetje said, "I will go and ask Gertje and Catrina to come in to see it, too."

And off she ran to invite her little neighbors to join the family for the treat. The three little girls returned, breathless, in a very short time, but good Mynheer Van Kassen was ready and waiting for them. On three fingers of his left hand were painted eyes, nose, and mouth. Around the thumb was wrapped a kerchief, to make it look like

an old lady in a cap. The middle finger was a friar, and the little finger was

THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW

a wee maid-servant. The children were silent with delight. Even Maas and Dirck left their work and seated themselves on the floor. Minna and How

came to look on, as much interested as the children.

The old Dame was supposed to be seated in her best parlor; cap on head and "specs" on nose. The visiting friar stood on the stoep outside the front door, which was formed by the ring and forefinger, with tips meeting in front of the friar. The act opened with the friar rapping on the knocker. As Mynheer Van Kassen tapped with his middle finger on the two in front, he said in a deep growl, supposed to be the friar's voice,

"Tap, tap at the door!"

This call was answered in a high, small voice, as if by the servant,

"Somebody knocks, ma'm, somebody knocks!"

The Dame says in a simpering lisp:

"See who it is, see who it is."
And so the play begins.

SERVANT: "Who's at the door there?
Who's at the door?"
FRIAR: "A friar, a friar!"
SERVANT: "A friar, good Dame;
A friar, good Dame!"
DAME: "See what he wants,
See what he wants!"
SERVANT: "What do you want, sir,
What do you want?"
FRIAR: "I want to come in,
I want to come in!"
SERVANT: "He wants to come in,
Dame,
He wants to come in!"
DAME: "Bid him come in then,
Bid him come in."
SERVANT: "You may come in, sir,

You may come in!"
FRIAR: "Thank you, good Dame,"—
and so he popped in!

which was done by ducking the middle finger under the ones in front.

The children liked this entrance best of all the tiny act, and they clapped their hands and shouted with joy. Mynheer Van Kassen never did it twice, and the little actors changed into fingers again so quickly that it seemed like magic to the children.

By this time the fire had burned to a bed of glowing coals and they all gathered around the fireplace for the last delight of St. Martin's Day. Chestnuts and hickory nuts, gathered through the fall, were shaken in a metal basket over the coals, until they were well roasted.

Then they were eaten with butter and sugar and cinnamon.

The rattling of nuts in the basket and the pop, pop of their shells could be heard in any New Netherland home at the end of St. Martin's Day, and so it became "St. Martin-shake-the-basket Day" to the boys and girls of the colony.

CHAPTER IX

THE FEAST OF ST. NICHOLAS AND THE HOLIDAYS

ANNETJE was alone with Tytje in the kitchen, one wintry afternoon, about the first of December. They were playing in front of the fireplace with their home-made dolls. A big log burned slowly on the hearth. Buffy, the cat, was curled up near by, purring contentedly. A singing tea-kettle hung from a crane over the fire and on a hob, a pot of stew bubbled its promise of a very good supper.

Outside, the snowflakes danced and

whirled to the ground. They fell like great white feathers, and now and again a big flake struck against the window pane with a soft thud.

OUTSIDE, THE SNOWFLAKES DANCED AND WHIRLED TO THE GROUND

"Oh," said Annetje, "look how hard it snows!"

She ran to the window and Tytje followed. They climbed up on the bench which stood below the window.

Tytje's eyes and nose came just above the sill, and all she could see was the whirling flakes, dark against the gray sky. Annetje leaned on the sill and pressed her nose against the glass and watched the snow come down.

"It's getting deep," she said. "It would be almost up to your neck, Tytje. To-morrow we will build a big snow-man and maybe How or Minna will take us for a ride on the sled."

It was rather cold and dark in the room, away from the fireside, and Annetje and Tytje soon went back to the hearth. As they took the dolls out of their cradles to give them supper, Annetje said:

"Only five more days till the Feast of St. Nicholas! I heard Dirck say so this morning. Oh, Tytje, do you think the

good Saint will come to our house this year? Do you remember how afraid you were last year of the Black Man with St. Nicholas, when he came in with his sack and switches?"

A year was a long time for Tytje's memory and she was not very sure about what had happened. So Annetje told her all about it and began to teach her the words of the St. Nicholas song.

"Now, you say it after me, Tytje," Annetje told her.

" 'Saint Nicholas, goede heilig man,
Trekt uw'besten tabbard aan
En reist daamee naar Amsterdam,
Von Amsterdam naar Spanje.' "

Tytje did the best she could, but the last two lines were too much for her.

Annetje thought perhaps they ought to sing *Neuw* Amsterdam, because that was where they lived. While she was trying to decide this and make the extra word fit into the song, there was a great stamping of feet on the back stoep. Maas and Dirck came into the kitchen looking like live snow-men. They brushed each other off and came to the fire to warm themselves.

"Oh, Maas," said Annetje, "do you think we ought to say *Neuw* Amsterdam, instead of just Amsterdam?"

"What are you talking about, 'Netje?" asked Maas. "I always say *Neuw* Amsterdam when I talk about this city."

"I mean in the St. Nicholas song," Annetje explained.

And she sang it for him.

"The extra word doesn't fit in so

well," Dirck said, "and besides what difference does it make? It's only a song. I guess if you and Tytje are good little girls, St. Nicholas will come, no matter how you sing it."

Annetje thought her brothers did not give her idea enough attention, and she was just a little cross.

"Well, I guess you had better be good boys, too, or you'll get nothing but sticks and ashes in your shoes!" she replied.

They might have quarrelled if Minna had not come into the kitchen just then, to get supper ready. It grew dark early at that time of the year, so she lit the candles, stirred up the fire, and restored peace and good cheer by giving the children each a big slice of rye bread and butter to help them wait till supper was ready.

The days that followed were busy ones in New Amsterdam. The holiday season was a gay one and the whole town entered into the spirit of the festivities. Houses were decorated with evergreens, which were usually left up until Candlemas. The Feast of St. Nicholas was the big day of the year for the children. But the good Saint was also the patron of the city and on December sixth many people wore a band of orange ribbon marked "Orange Boven," an old Dutch war-cry, to do him honor.

As St. Nicholas Eve drew near, Annetje grew very excited. Minna, Maria, and Vrouw Van Kassen were busy making *marchpane,* or almond paste, which was a sweet belonging to the festival. There were St. Nicholas cakes,

too, baked in the shapes of stars, flowers, birds, people, and animals. Maas and Dirck brought evergreen boughs from the forest and red berries to decorate the house. People slyly worked on gifts for each other, and hid them away when one or another came unexpectedly into the room.

Maria and Kryn invited their special friends to the house on St. Nicholas Eve for *koek-plakken*. The young people spent the early evening pasting gold and silver leaf on the St. Nicholas cakes. The twins and Annetje were allowed to help with this, and they felt very grown-up, indeed. Tytje had been hurried off to bed before the guests came, and her little wooden shoes stood outside the bedroom door waiting for St. Nicholas.

After the cakes were decorated,

Vrouw Van Kassen served a bounteous supper for the party. Soon Maas and Dirck and Annetje went off to bed, and three more pair of shoes stood waiting to be filled. The young people were gay, indeed, and sang and danced until Mynheer Van Kassen reminded them they must be home and abed if their shoes were to be filled with good things on the morrow. So out they went into the crisp white night and sang their way home under the stars.

It was early when Annetje woke next morning. She lay still listening for the sound of someone moving about. Very soon she heard the twins open the door of their room. Annetje knew they were looking to see if St. Nicholas had put anything into their shoes. She was afraid to go for her own and Tytje's

shoes. For, to tell the truth, Annetje had already looked for them.

When it was still very dark and the stars twinkled in the night sky, Annetje had awakened. Crawling out of bed without making a sound, she went on tiptoe to the door to see if her shoes had been filled. It was too dark to see anything. She felt on the floor beside the door where she had put her shoes beside Tytje's. There were no shoes to be found! A little frightened and very disappointed, she went back to bed and to sleep.

Now Annetje was wondering if she had been a good enough girl for St. Nicholas to remember. She did not have to think about this for long. The door opened and her mother came in with a pair of wooden shoes in each

hand. They were filled to overflowing.

"Here are your shoes, Annetje and Tytje!" said Vrouw Van Kassen. "Good St. Nicholas left them beside the door."

Annetje was too happy to say a word. Tytje woke up and together they emptied their shoes, while Vrouw Van Kassen and Maria watched them.

As soon as the family were dressed, they gathered downstairs to show each other what they had found in their shoes. After the gifts had been seen by all, the eight happy Van Kassens sat down for their morning meal. That morning, breakfast was gayer than usual, though there were extra prayers to St. Nicholas and longer reading from the Bible.

After breakfast Maas and Dirck went off with their sleds, proudly wearing the new gloves which had been stuffed into the toes of their shoes. Annetje dressed Tytje warmly and took her out in the yard to build a snow-man. Indoors, all was hurry and bustle as Vrouw Van Kassen, Maria, and Minna prepared the St. Nicholas feast. The good Saint's visit was not expected until the evening. That was the greatest event of the day.

All morning Annetje kept telling Tytje how St. Nicholas would come to see them that night.

"Maybe he will come down the chimney with a pack on his back. Maybe he will drive up to the door in a big sleigh all laden with toys. No one can

tell just how he will come, but we are always ready and waiting to see him," she explained.

After the big dinner was over, Vrouw Van Kassen had baskets packed with the food that was left. Minna and How were to take these to the Home where the city cared for orphan children. Annetje wanted to go along. Her mother was glad to have her share her pleasures, so she fixed a little basket for Annetje to carry. It was filled with St. Nicholas cakes and sweetmeats, and Annetje added a gift from her own shoe.

"This will make some little girl happy," she said, tucking a bright string of beads into the basket.

At dark the family gathered to await the coming of good St. Nicholas. Several of Annetje's friends and their

fathers and mothers had been invited to join them. A sheet was spread on the

"Saint Nicholaes, Goed, Heilig Man."

floor and around it the children sat in excited silence. Some one heard sleigh-

bells and the company sprang to their feet, singing:

"Saint Nicholaes, goed, heilig man,"

The door burst open and handfuls of sweets were flung into the room. The scramble for these was cut short by the entrance of the good Saint himself. He was a jolly, fat, old man with red cheeks, and white hair, clad in Flemish trunk-hose and a low-crowned hat. With him came a younger man, Knecht Ruprecht, carrying a bag bulging with toys. Behind them stood a large Black Man with an empty sack in one hand into which bad children were put. In the other hand he held a bundle of switches.

The children were silent with awe, and Tytje held tight to Annetje's hand.

St. Nicholas asked each boy and girl if they had been good during the year, and great was the relief when he motioned the Black Man away and called for his sack of toys.

When gifts had been given out to all, and the good Saint heartily thanked for them, the children sang another song dancing about him in a ring. He then bade them good-night and was off to another home where children were waiting for him.

There was great joy and excitement over opening the gifts and the children played with their toys until bedtime. After the little guests had gone and each tired child had been tucked away, with his favorite toy beside him, the sheet was picked up with all the trash in it. Then the grown-ups sat around the table,

where a white cloth had been spread, and drank chocolate punch and ate hot chestnuts. The St. Nicholas pipe was smoked, and the evening ended with songs and dances for any who were not too tired to join.

Christmas Day was like a Sunday. The coming of the Christ Child was remembered in every home and church. Annetje loved the "Christmas Wights," as they called the bread baked in the form of a babe in swaddling clothes. It would not have been Christmas to her without them.

New Year's, which followed close, was the day for exchanging calls. The front parlors were opened and the ladies of the house sat in state in their best clothes to receive calls from the gentlemen of their acquaintance. Punch and

cakes were served at every home where New Year's greetings were exchanged. Maria received with her mother, and Kryn made calls with his father. The four younger children were nowhere about during calling time, as this was the grown-ups' day.

Twelfth-Night or Three Kings' Evening came next, and that festival was enjoyed by both young and old. Groups of friends gathered to share the Twelfth-Night cake, in which was hidden a gilded bean or three pieces of money. He who drew the bean or the piece of money marked with a cross was King of the Revels for the evening. They named him the bean-king, or Balthazar. He held a mock court and all present paid homage.

Three candles were set on the floor

and one was painted black for the Moor, Melchior. Around these the company danced, and it was fortunate if a fire was not caused by this candle jumping. Then three youths were chosen for the three kings. Two were dressed in white and one in black. This one's face and hands were rubbed with soot. Each king was given a paper star with a lighted candle behind it. The young men in the party set out after the three kings, singing Twelfth-Night songs. Such processions could be seen in all parts of the town. They usually marched to the taverns where the different groups treated each other to beer and Twelfth-Night cakes, called *duivekater*. These were two four-cornered currant loaves, baked together.

This was the last of the festivals

around Christmas time. After Twelfth-Night was over, the business of home, school, and shop was taken up again and the good people of New Amsterdam settled down to work until the next holiday.

CHAPTER X

MARIA'S WEDDING

ANNETJE and her brothers did not have to wait long for more fun. There was to be a wedding in the family, and no festival in all the year was quite so gay or so honored as a wedding in a wealthy and important Dutch family.

One day, soon after Twelfth-Night, Maria was sitting by the sunniest window in the kitchen. She was humming a song and her fingers were busy at her work.

"What are you making, Maria?" asked Annetje, coming up to her big sister's chair.

Maria held up a broad collar of the sheerest linen and lace.

"The Wedding Collar for my Husband."

"I'm embroidering the wedding collar for my husband," she replied, proudly.

"Oh, Maria, are you going to be mar-

ried?" Annetje said excitedly. "When? When?"

"Very soon," answered Maria. "The betrothal is to be celebrated by a dinner next week."

"Oh, Maria!" was all that Annetje could say, as she threw her arms around her sister's neck and kissed her for joy.

"My petticoats are all made," Maria went on to say. "The big chest is full. Do you want to see them, 'Netje?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" said Annetje.

They went to the chest, and together took out layer after layer of quilted silk, satin, velvet, wool, and cotton petticoats of all colors. Maria had done all the quilting herself. Some were in patterns of leaves and flowers and others in squares and diamonds.

"How beautiful they are!" said An-

netje, smoothing the soft folds of silk and velvet.

"When I am married," Maria said, "I shall begin to collect linen for my household, and some day I shall have as much as Mother has. It won't be long, 'Netje dear, before you will be beginning to quilt petticoats for your own dowry," she added, putting her arm around her little sister.

Busy days followed. Maria and young Kilian Goldyn exchanged betrothal rings in the presence of company. Kilian's father gave Maria a chatelaine of silver with scissors, small knife in a leather sheath, needle-case, silver-bound pincushion, a scent-ball, and small mirror, all hanging by silver chains. The young lover presented his sweetheart with a muffler of the finest

cambric embroidered in red silk, with her name and the date and acorns in the corners. With it, as was the custom, he gave the "wedding pence," one hundred new shillings, with these words:

"If you will, there is the muffler and the pence; if you won't, you can return it."

The day of the betrothal dinner, Annetje, Maas, Dirck, and Tytje ate alone and before the others. Only the families of the bride and groom and a few very intimate friends were invited to the dinner, but Vrouw Van Kassen thought it better not to have the children at the table. Indeed, they were much better pleased to eat alone, for they finished sooner and How was to take them out in the afternoon. Annetje and the boys

were going to skate and slide down-hill while How pushed Tytje around in her little sleigh. The grown-ups would sit at the table all the afternoon, deciding the day for the wedding and who were to be the "playmates."

The bride chose two of her friends as *speelmeisjes* or play-girls, and the groom selected two *speeljonkers* or play-youths. These young people served the bride and groom, decorated the house, arranged the various parties in their honor, and entertained the guests.

Following the betrothal dinner, the household was in a continuous state of excitement. Kryn had been chosen for one of the speeljonkers. Maria was sorry Annetje wasn't quite old enough to be a bridesmaid. Maas and Dirck had been chosen to carry the bride's train

on her wedding day and it made them feel very important.

The boys were at school most of the time and Annetje and Tytje had to amuse themselves as well as they could without getting in the way. The speelmeisjes came every day to work on the bride's baskets. The baskets were decorated with artificial flowers and garlands, and a large M and K were worked into the sides.

As the wedding would take place before the earliest spring flowers were in bloom, it was necessary to make flowers of paper and silk to fill the baskets. Annetje cut rose petals out of pink silk and was very happy to be able to help.

The two play-youths built a kind of throne in the voorhuis. This they decorated with boughs and garlands of

green. Here the bride and groom were to sit on their wedding day. The speeljonkers also bought a long-stemmed pipe for the groom. The girls decorated it with ribbons and garlands.

Maria and Kilian spent many evenings writing announcements of their coming marriage on perfumed, gilt-edged paper. These would be sent out after the first reading of the banns. Maas and Dirck were to deliver them to the many friends of the bride's and groom's families when it was time to do so.

The day came for the bride and groom to go to the Stadt Huys to sign the civil contract for their marriage. The "playmates" met at the Van Kassen house and showered the young couple with artificial flowers, as they left the house under

a decorated archway. The speelmeisjes were dressed in the colors of the groom, and the speeljonkers in those of the bride. When they returned from the Stadt Huys, the whole party went to the groom's home, where they were received in state by the groom's family and friends.

That evening Annetje, Dirck, and Maas were allowed to ride around the city on the "sleigh-coach," drawn by a gaily decorated horse. In the coach were small bottles of wine wrapped in straw covers and boxes of candies tied with gold and silver ribbons. The three children delivered these to the homes of friends, and all agreed that it was more fun than going to the dinner party.

At the Goldyn home, Maria was presented with a silver bowl and spoon, and

Kilian with the groom's "show pipe," which the bridesmaids had decorated. The bowl was for the "bride's-tears," a kind of spiced wine, which was served on the wedding day with sugared almonds, or peas called "bride's sugar." That evening a long and solemn meal was served for the bridal party.

At the Van Kassen home, the days before the wedding were very busy ones. The banquet had to be planned and prepared. The wedding clothes for the bride were gotten ready. Every afternoon Maria, dressed in her best clothes, sat in the reception-room and received the relatives and friends who came with gifts. Annetje was often allowed to pass cakes and punch to the callers.

The wedding day came at last. Maria was dressed by her bridesmaids

in a gorgeous dress of red satin and velvet. Her hair was piled high on her

IN THE FRENCH STYLE

head in the French style. She wore a large ruff of costly lace and many

jewels. Red satin slippers with jeweled buckles were on her feet, and her stockings were of yellow silk. She carried perfumed gloves and a painted fan with mother-of-pearl sticks.

Kilian met his speeljonkers at the home of an intimate friend. There they dressed him in an elegant suit of dark-green velvet with silver trimmings, that had been his father's wedding clothes. The three then went to the bride's home.

When all was ready, Maria and Kilian, with the "playmates" going ahead, entered the voorhuis, where the throne stood. The bride took her place on the throne and the groom sat beside her. Their families and a few guests followed to watch the crowning of the bride and the giving of the bouquet.

Maria was to wear her mother's jeweled wedding-crown and rich lace veil. Her bridesmaids placed it on her head and arranged the long folds of lace back from her face.

The bouquet was made of artificial flowers, ornamented with a golden Cupid. Kilian pinned it to the front of Maria's dress. The bride's baskets were displayed beside the throne. In one lay the much-admired collar and cuffs Maria had made for Kilian. The other was filled with the flower petals Annetje and the speelmeisjes had made. After these ceremonies, the guests were served with cakes and pasties, and drank of the "bride's-tears."

When it was time to go to the church, Maas and Dirck put the veil over their sister's face and carried the long train

of her dress between them. The company sprinkled the path of the young couple with flowers, as far as the front gate, and then followed them to the church.

The wedding ceremony was open to all. In the front of the church, armchairs and stools were decorated for the bride and groom, and chairs were placed behind them for their families and "playmates." The little church of St. Nicholas was crowded when the wedding party arrived. The bride and groom were escorted up the aisle by their parents. Then the pastor entered the pulpit and read the marriage service and Maria and Kilian took the oath. A Psalm was sung and a collection was taken for the poor, after which the bride and groom left the church, arm in arm,

and the company followed. All the invited guests followed the wedding procession to the Van Kassen home. Many of Maas' and Dirck's school friends were on the street to watch them carry their sister's train. But the twins did not look to right or left. At the house the guests were received and the wedding feast was served.

It was a very gay company which sat down to the richly decorated, horseshoe-shaped table. All the best Van Kassen porcelain, silver, and glass was in use, and the table-cloth could scarcely be seen for the decorations. Maria and her new husband sat at the head of the table. The guests were seated according to their rank and relationship. Woe to the "playmate" who failed to seat a guest in his proper place! Peo-

ple had been known to leave the table if they felt their position was slighted. But all went well this time and the merry feasting began. And such a feast! It was opened by the saying of grace by Mynheer Van Kassen and the reading of the table-laws in rhyme. Then the food was passed. Venison, in quarters, capons and partridges by the dozen were piled on great platters. There was even a whole roasted pig. The centerpiece was a white turkey, which How had shot. Vrouw Van Kassen had grieved because the centerpiece could not be a peacock, with spread tail, such as she had had at her own wedding feast. She had been comforted, however, when How brought home the white turkey, and indeed it was admired as much as a peacock would have been. Between

the platters of meat, stood pyramids of fruit and nuts, tarts, cheese, and candies in fancy shapes. Wine was served throughout the meal, and many toasts were drunk, accompanied by the singing of songs.

Dancing followed dinner and the bride was "danced to bed." In her room her mother and the bridesmaids awaited her. Before she retired, she took off her crown and bouquet and left them with the guests. The young men followed Maria to her room. There they scrambled for her garters, which she tossed to them. Each of the lucky ones returned to the gay company downstairs with a garter fastened to his waistcoat. When the bride had gone, her crown and bouquet were placed on a chair and the guests danced around

them. Before they left the house, the bouquet was torn to pieces and each guest tried to carry away a part of it.

The next day the speelmeisjes and speeljonkers returned to the house to see the bride and groom and the "morning gifts" which they had received. Kilian gave Maria a beautiful fur coat and cap, and his parents gave them silver for their home. Mynheer and Vrouw Van Kassen gave a set of fine porcelain dishes which came from Holland, and an *izer* or waffle-iron, with the coat-of-arms of the bride and groom and the date of the wedding cut on the inside of the two iron plates. The long handles were carved and inlaid with silver. After they had seen the gifts, the "playmates" helped straighten up the house and took away the remains of

the wedding feast to give to the poor.

For three weeks the bride and groom and their young friends had parties of all kinds and excursions in sleighs to farmhouses where they had supper. This they called their "after-fun."

Little by little the Van Kassen household settled down to rest after the excitement of the wedding festivities. But it was a long time before they could talk of anything else. Maas and Dirck went back to school and Vrouw Van Kassen again had time to hear Annetje say her Catechism and Commandments.

CHAPTER XI

THE NEW NEIGHBOR

SPRING had come again to Mana-ha-ta. At least it seemed so, though the wise folk said there would be more winter. The boys brought out their knickers, and hoops appeared on the Green. Tulips and jonquils put out green spears to meet the warming sun, and pussywillows budded beside the thawing streams. You could see big looms with linsey-woolsey cloth on them, standing on the back stoeps, waiting for the traveling weavers, who came to put the finishing touches to the winter's work. Girls

with great baskets of soiled linen made their way to the Maadge Paatje, where they washed the clothes in the stream and laid them to dry and bleach on the sunny banks. The great elm-tree at the City Wall and Broad Street again

THEY WASHED THE CLOTHES IN THE STREAM

spread its branches over the Dutchmen, who came to sit on the bench around its trunk to smoke their long pipes and talk about the weather.

Annetje had been out enjoying the sun, one morning after breakfast. She

AT THE CITY WALL AND BROAD STREET

came running into the house calling:

"We have a new neighbor, Mother!

I saw a big blue pincushion hanging to the knocker of Vrouw Johanne's house. That means a boy baby, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Annetje," her mother answered, as she stopped her work to listen to the news.

"Every time a baby comes to a family a pincushion is hung on the door, white for girls, and blue for boys."

"Did I have one?" Annetje asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Vrouw Van Kassen going to the chest where she kept her family treasures. "Here is a blue one and a white one. Your grandmother in Holland made them first for Kryn and Maria, and they have been used for the rest of you, too. See, there are all three of the boy's names and the dates of their birth embroidered on blue ribbons and sewed to the blue cushion.

and the three girls' names are on these white ribbons," she said, pointing to Annetje's ribbon on the white cushion. "And in the Bible are written all your names, too," Vrouw Van Kassen added.

"Oh, may I see them?" Annetje said, going to the stand where the big family Bible lay.

Her mother opened to the blank pages, left for family records, in the center of the Bible. Lifting Annetje up so she could see, she pointed out the names of all the children in Mynheer Van Kassen's small, neat handwriting. Tytje's was the last name under "births," and Annetje asked her mother if she thought there would be any more. The goede vrouw replied that no one could tell about that.

One day, not long afterwards, Vrouw

Van Kassen sent Annetje next door with a bowl of pudding for the mother and a present for the new baby. Annetje was invited in to see the baby, much to her delight. When she went home she told Minna and Tytje all about the beautiful cradle draped with silk and lace which stood by the fire.

"And it had a screen around it, so the baby wouldn't get too hot," she said.

The baby was very tiny. It was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and put in an embroidered pocket. On its head was a little ruffled cap to hold back its ears.

"Indeed," Annetje said, "there were so many ruffles and ribbons that I could hardly see the baby at all."

After a while, when the mother was able to see her friends, a reception was

held for the neighbors. They came with gifts, and admired the baby and the baskets lined with yellow silk and draped with lace and ribbon. These were the gift of the baby's grandmother on the father's side. One basket held the toilet articles and another the linen.

In about six weeks, when the mother was able to walk to the church, a large christening party was given. Annetje went with her mother to see the baby dressed for its baptism. The christening robe was a rich lace shawl, which had been used for many babies in that family. The bonnet had six plaits, because it was for a boy, and was decorated with blue ribbons tied in special kinds of bows. Light refreshments were served, and the intimate friends and family walked in a procession to the

church. The baby was baptized before the sermon was preached and then the procession returned home.

At the house the baby was blessed by its father and then undressed and dressed again in its embroidered presentation robe. Later in the afternoon many friends came to the house to present their christening gifts.

Caudle was served, and with it *achterligen,* a sweetened bread, cut in slices and dried. Annetje could have all the izer-cookies, crullers, and achterligen she wished, but her mother let her take only a sip of the caudle, and she didn't like it. It was made after a recipe which had been handed down in the family:

"3 gallons of water
"7 pounds of sugar

"Oatmeal by the pound
"Spices
"Raisins
"Lemons by the quart
"2 gallons of best Madeira wine."

It was served hot, from a high silver bowl around which quaint little spoons hung by their crooked handles. As the bowl was passed, each guest ladled out his own portion into a china cup.

The caudle-spoons were usually gifts to the babies of the family by their godparents. The bowl of the spoon was round and had a scene from the Scriptures on it. Around the edge were engraved the name and birthdate of the baby. The handle was short and curved. It was usually ornamented with a heart, on which was perched a

beautifully modelled cock, with his bill open, crowing.

Annetje asked her mother if she had a spoon with her name on it. Vrouw Van Kassen promised to let her see their caudle-bowl and all the spoons that hung around it as soon as they went home.

Annetje certainly hoped they would have a baby at their house soon, so they could have a party for it. For a week afterward she and Tytje had christening parties for their dolls. Minna even made them some caudle of sugar and water, which they stirred with long pieces of cinnamon for the boys and short ones for the girls.

CHAPTER XII

GOING TO HOLLAND

IT was a beautiful evening at the end of one of the first warm days of spring. The good Dutch folk were sitting on their front stoeps or walking arm in arm along the canal in the soft light of the setting sun. Mynheer Van Kassen sat smoking his long pipe by his own doorside. His goede vrouw was beside him with Tytje on her lap.

The twins and Annetje were playing *kaetzen* in the yard. They were using one of the corner posts of the summer-house as a goal and were driv-

ing a solid ball, stuffed with horsehair, against it with rackets, and as it rebounded they tried to hit it and drive it back again. They were having a lively time, as Annetje was as quick as her brothers and almost never failed, in her turn, to strike the post.

Mynheer Van Kassen, who had been watching the game, turned to his wife and said:

"I have a longing to go back to Holland for a visit. It has been many years since we came away. Now that the children are well grown, and Kryn is old enough to look after my business, the long trip does not seem impossible."

"It would be good to see the old folk again and our beautiful Holland," said Vrouw Van Kassen. "The trip would not be so hard with all the children, ex-

cept Tytje, able to care for themselves. I should like to go, Husband."

"There is a trading-vessel, the *Seven Stars,* due next week. In about a month's time she will be returning to Amsterdam. I know the captain, and if you could be ready then, I have no doubt but that we could get passage on her," Mynheer Van Kassen said.

And so it was decided to go to Holland. Tytje was sleepy, and too young to understand fully what her mother and father were saying, but when the other children came back to the house and were told the news, they were wild with joy.

Going to Holland! A trip on the ocean in one of the white-winged ships they had watched so often! Could

it really be true? Who was going? When?

The questions came so fast that the goede vrouw sent them off to bed. Her busy mind was already planning for the journey.

It was a long time before the children could get to sleep that night, and it seemed as though they had just dozed off when the cry of "*Brant! Brant!* rouse ye!" was heard outside. There was also the sound of running feet and much shouting.

Annetje, who now slept in Maria's big bed with Tytje beside her, sat straight up and listened. She could hear noises in the house, too, for Kryn and his father were dressing in a hurry. Soon they ran downstairs and out the back door. Under the back stoep

hung the leather fire-buckets and long, light poles. At the call of "Fire!" every man in New Amsterdam hurried to get his buckets and went to do his

"FIRE!"

part. They strung the buckets on the poles, filled them at the nearest pump or well, and passed them from hand to hand along the line of men up to the fire.

When Kryn and his father had gone, Vrouw Van Kassen came to see if An-

netje was awake and frightened. The fire was not very far from their house, and together they watched from a window the people hurrying along the dark street in the red glow of the flames. Maas and Dirck had wanted to go to the fire but their father had forbidden it. They had gotten dressed, however, and were downstairs leaning over the half-open front door. It was not long before the flames died down and even the glow went out of the sky. The family went back to bed without waiting for Kryn and Mynheer Van Kassen to return.

Next morning at breakfast they wanted to know all about the fire. Annetje begged to go with How and the boys to collect the buckets and her mother said she might. After a fire,

the buckets were all thrown in a big pile, and the next day servants were sent to get them. Every bucket was marked with its owner's name and there was a scramble to find the buckets that belonged to the household.

The fire would have been exciting enough to talk about for weeks, but going to Holland made the children soon forget it. Every day after school, Maas and Dirck went to the wharf. That was a busy place at all times of the year, for besides the ships going to and from 'Holland, the colony traded with Long Island, New England, and Virginia.

From New England they received stores of beef, sheep, wheat, flour, biscuit, malt, fish, butter, cider-apples, iron, tar, and wampum. Long Island

supplied beef, pork, wheat, butter, some tobacco and wampum. Virginia sent tobacco in quantities, oxhides, beef, pork, and fruit. All these things were traded for linen, canvas, tape, thread, cordage, brass, stockings, spices, iron work, salt, brick, and useful manufactured articles from Holland. Usually one or more ships lay out in the harbor. Their cargoes were brought to the wharf in small boats. Here the produce was weighed and stored in the warehouse. Then the ships were reloaded for the return voyage.

Maas and Dirck found trading and the ways of ships more interesting than anything else, now that they were going to have an ocean voyage on a trading-vessel. One day they came home with the news that the *Seven Stars* had come

to port, and the sailors had begun to unload her cargo.

"Oh, Father," Dirck said, "won't you take us out to see the ship we are going to Holland in?"

The boys were so eager that Mynheer Van Kassen promised they might go out to the ship with him when he went to see the captain about their trip.

At home, Vrouw Van Kassen was busy all day getting clothes in order, and packing for the family. Besides the things they were to take with them, she had to pack much that was to be left behind. Minna and How worked with her, storing away rugs and curtains, feather-beds and household linen. Everything must be spotless and in order when the house was closed.

When the family left, Kryn was go-

ing to live with Maria, and Minna would help take care of Maria's house. How was to stay and care for the garden and live stock and, in return for his meals, he would work for a neighbor of the Van Kassens.

Maria came every day to help her mother mend and sew and pack their clothes. Annetje took care of Tytje all day and no one had time to hear her lessons. She sometimes played school with Tytje, and tried to teach her all she knew, but the weather was fine and most of the time the two played outdoors.

As the time drew near for the *Seven Stars* to return to Amsterdam, How carried many boxes and chests to the wharf to be taken to the ship. Mynheer Van Kassen was busy all day with

Kryn, giving him advice about the trading. Kryn was quick and bright and his father felt sure that he could carry on the business profitably during his absence.

The day finally came when the cargo of furs and tobacco filled the hold of the *Seven Stars*. When all else had been done, hampers of food for the voyage were packed under Vrouw Van Kassen's direction and carried to the ship. Mynheer Van Kassen planned to take his family aboard the day before sailing, so that all might be ready to lift anchor at early tide. Maas, Dirck, Annetje, and Tytje were nearly beside themselves with excitement. For Vrouw Van Kassen, the parting with her home and friends was harder than she had thought

it would be, and she could not help crying a little as the time to leave drew near.

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon when the family started for the wharf. Maas and Dirck had been to the water's edge and back several times before their mother had made her final inspection of the house. Minna cried as she dressed Tytje for the last time, and Annetje patted her on the shoulder and said:

"Don't cry, Minna, we are going to have a wonderful trip. I only wish you could go, too. We won't forget you."

"I know you won't forget me," Minna said, "but when you come back, you will be a big girl and Tytje won't know Minna any more." And good, faithful Minna wept again.

At last the family were out of the

house. The shutters were put up, and the door closed behind Vrouw Van Kassen for the last time. At the gate, neighbors had gathered to walk with her to the wharf. Maria and her mother walked ahead of the little group arm in arm. Next came quite a procession of their friends. Minna, with Tytje on one side and Annetje on the other, followed. Kryn and his father walked behind. The boys were nowhere to be seen, but they were far too anxious to go aboard the ship, to run the risk of being left behind. And, sure enough, when the family reached the wharf, Maas and Dirck were there awaiting them.

The small boat which was to carry them out to the ship was ready so the good-byes were said at once. Minna

held fast to Annetje and Tytje until the last minute. Maria and Kryn were going aboard to see the family settled. Maas and Dirck were in the boat before Vrouw Van Kassen finished bidding her friends good-by. Faithful How helped his mistress and the little girls into the boat, which seemed very unsteady to those who had spent their lives on dry land. Mynheer Van Kassen and Kryn climbed down to their seats, last of all, and the two strong sailors picked up their oars.

The watery space between the Van Kassens and their friends quickly grew wider. Hats and handkerchiefs waved from boat and wharf. Annetje and the twins called:

"Good-by, Minna! Good-by, How!

Good-by, everybody!" until they were hoarse.

Soon the houses looked very small. The brass guns in front of the Stadt Huys shone in the sun like toy cannons. The walls of the fort kept slipping backward. The gallows and the big crane at the wharf were little sticks against the sky. The arms of the windmill behind the fort seemed no bigger than the paddles of the weather-vane Maas had made for his mother's birthday.

Once aboard the *Seven Stars,* Maas and Dirck were perfectly happy. They asked questions by the dozen of the good-natured crew, who were busy making all shipshape for the voyage. Vrouw Van Kassen and Maria went be-

low to make their quarters as comfortable as possible. Annetje and Tytje stayed on deck with Kryn and their father, who were talking to the captain. They held fast to Mynheer Van Kassen's hands, too, for the ship was very strange to them. After a while Maria and Kryn went ashore.

Next morning when the *Seven Stars* set sail down the river, the whole family were on deck to watch New Amsterdam grow smaller and smaller and to say their last silent good-byes to home and friends.

Little did any of them think that they would never come sailing up that river again and see New Amsterdam grow bigger and bigger, as they neared the shore of Ma-na-ha-ta. But it was to be so. Before their visit in Holland came

to an end, news reached them that the English had sailed up the river and taken possession of New Netherland. The Dutch flag in the fort came down and the English renamed the city New York. For many years life there went on in the Dutch way, but Mynheer Van Kassen did not care to go back and live under the English flag. Kryn, however, stayed on, married and lived in his father's home. He grew rich and prosperous, as did Maria and her husband. They never went back to Holland, but were content to live in New York under the English rule.

In Holland, the Van Kassens settled down in Amsterdam and lived long and happily. Maas and Dirck finished their schooling and became merchants and ship-builders. Annetje and Tytje

went to school and learned all that Dutch girls were taught, which was much more than the girls of other countries learned in those days. They grew up to be good housewives and had homes and families of their own. Annetje's children never grew tired of hearing about life across the ocean, as their mother remembered it, when she was a little girl in New Amsterdam.

GOOD-BY

ANNETJE AND HER FAMILY

The state of New York was first settled by the Dutch, and that is why the customs in early New York were much like those in Holland. This story tells you all about them. When you want to read again about how people lived at that time, this index will show you where to find what you want to know.

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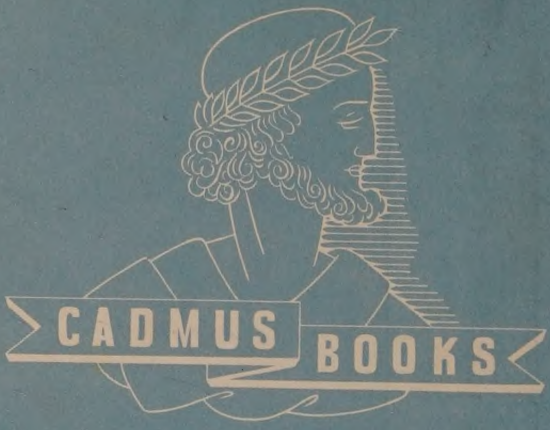
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